

The Rising Temper of the East

Frazier Hunt



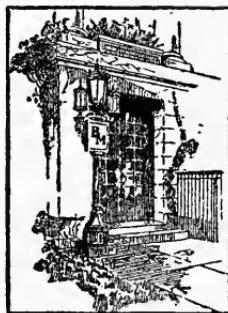
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THE RISING TEMPER
OF THE EAST



THE RISING TEMPER OF THE EAST

*Sounding the Human Note in the World-Wide
Cry for Land and Liberty*

BY
FRAZIER HUNT

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly beside the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

—KIPLING.

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To
MY FATHER

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Hearst's International Magazine, *The Century*
and *Good Housekeeping* for permission to repub-
lish certain portions of this book.

P R E F A C E

I HAVE called this book *The Rising Temper of the East* because in it I have attempted to show not only the awakening of a billion backward peoples of the Old World but to sound a note of warning to the white Christian East. I have tried to tell the human story of the rising winds of new freedom, the coming of new ideas, the birth of new hopes, the whole renaissance of the ancient East.

The white man's domination of the billion men of the East *by force* must cease. No longer can our culture and our civilization be carried to backward, ancient peoples on the vehicle of force. If there is a "white man's burden" it must in the future be borne on other shoulders than those that carry bayonets.

Everywhere throughout the East there are danger signals flashing their warning to the conquering West. The ruling, the domineering, the looting, must cease. If the West were wise it would shift its course now while there is still time. If it blindly stumbles on, ignoring these danger signals, the day will soon come when the work and the profits of four hundred years will be swept away.

There are many men, wise to the East, who to-

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day not only feel that this will happen but that once freed from the heel of the white West, and with the adoption of the science and culture of modern warfare, these billion men will seek race revenge, and that again black, brown and yellow hordes may swoop over white Europe and its great outposts of white culture.

But they fail to take cognizance of a great new power that is abroad in the world—the power of the universal social unrest that is working within the borders of each country. Labor leaders in Calcutta are dreaming exactly the same hopes as labor leaders in Manchester; social revolutionists in Tokyo are preaching the same doctrines as the revolutionists of Rome; organizers of the cotton spinners of Shanghai are using the same arguments as organizers among the cotton workers of Fall River.

The world unrest is world-wide unrest. No Great Wall of China can exclude it: no desert is too wide for it to cross, or no ocean too deep. New winds of freedom are blowing over every country and into every corner of the globe.

For the moment these winds in the East are winds of nationalism—self-determination—political freedom. They will bring an end to the physical, political rule of the white West over the East. And then they will change to winds of social unrest—and the energies and hopes of these billion men will be turned from white hate to internal struggles. There will be no time for con-

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quest or revenge, no heart for wars of aggression.

This is the story that I would tell in these following chapters—stories of common peoples and their leaders struggling up toward the light. I have no theories to prove—no pet ideas to advance. I would set down between covers these pages of world news—facts of progress, garnered in years of travel and investigation.

I saw a great new East being born before my very eyes. It was a new East of hope emerging from a tired, ancient, hopeless world. It was a restless, moving world that I saw. Books have been written about The Unchanging East, but that is not what I found; it was a Changing East that greeted me everywhere.

Its leaders interested me and its people fascinated me. Its revolt against the West and against its own traditions and time-worn customs thrilled me, just as the Russian revolution first thrilled me in North Russia and then in Petrograd and Moscow and later in Siberia. Everywhere it has been the same story—millions awakening from the slumber of centuries.

I have tried to chronicle things here just as I found them—to tell simply, directly and honestly the great pulsing, human story of Gandhi and India, of the Near East, China, Japan, Korea, Siberia, the Philippines—and, as well, the story of our own imperialistic ventures in Haiti and Mexico. I have tried to tell of Gandhi, the Man,

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as well as Gandhi, the Leader! I have attempted to paint Kagawa, the young liberal leader of Japan, just as vividly and humanly as he appeared to me that December day when I talked to him. I have tried to tell of common peoples and common hopes rather than of great international movements and world politics.

If I have even partly succeeded in lifting the veil that is drawn over the hidden East and have shown that here are common peoples living and fighting and dreaming of better things, then I will be more than satisfied.

New York,
Feb. 1, 1922.

F. H.

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The Rising Temper of the East

CHAPTER I

GANDHI AND HIS INDIA

To TELL about Gandhi is to tell about India. Gandhi is India, and India, restless, determined and race conscious, is the real spirit of the awakening East.

This that follows is the plain story of Gandhi—the hero and saint of India's struggling three hundred million, to-day little known to the outside world but to-morrow to be recognized as the insurgent figure leading the great coming revolt of the East against the white man's domination.

To ninety-nine per cent. of the people of America and Europe the idea of a violent repudiation of white mastery by the black, brown and yellow men of the East is still a wild phantasy. But it is no longer a wild phantasy to me—for I have seen Gandhi and myself felt the rising temper of Asia.

For hours I sat with this strange, shrunken little man whom three hundred million worship, and talked with him as freely as I would with an old friend. There was no fencing or parrying.

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He had nothing to conceal. He had hit upon a way of breaking the British power in India and cracking the greatest empire history has ever seen, and all without bombs or bloodshed. It was no secret and he wanted to tell me about it.

This was down in Cawnpore. Early that morning I had gone to the station to see him come in. The Indian city was still sleeping in the filth of its mud doorways. The heat of the night was dead and this was the cooling hour before a blazing sun jumped like a jack-in-the-box high into the sky.

We jogged through a semi-European street. In another part of the city—a clean part with wide streets and great lawns—the white *sahibs* from England live.

“You go Delhi?” my driver asked.

“No. I’m going to see Gandhi arrive at the station.”

He turned in his seat.

“Saint Gandhi?” he questioned, as one pronouncing a sacred name. “He is very wonderful. . . . He is poor like I am. His wife weaves his clothes for him. . . . The English are afraid of him. They would like to put him in prison and kill him but they don’t dare. He is very wonderful. . . .”

He had to pull his horse up sharp to keep from hitting a lazy, old sacred cow ambling across the road. Hitting a cow in India is no laughing mat-

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ter. It might be some one's grandmother or great-great-grandfather. It is the superstition of five thousand years' standing.

We passed two men, wearing dirty patches of cotton around their loins, straining at a great cart. They were thin men with their ribs showing.

"Do they know who Gandhi is?" I asked my driver. I was anxious to find out what different types of Indians thought of this leader.

"Shall I ask them, *sahib?*"

I nodded yes.

He stopped them and spoke to the taller of the two, in a native dialect. The man was eager to talk.

"He says Gandhi will give them freedom from the white men and . . . "

The smaller fellow who had kept silent so far stepped forward then and broke into the conversation.

"They have worked all their lives like beasts," he says, "and all they got is half enough food and a pig pen to sleep in. Gandhi will change everything for them."

We drove on. An old man stretched on a rope-bed in front of a doorway in the street was dying; my driver explained that old ones were always brought outdoors to die.

We turned into a narrow crooked street smelling of the rotted East. Early though it was, it

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was noisy with unwashed children, so filthy that one stopped idly to wonder whether the street got its dirt from the children or the children from the street. Most of them were naked: there was not even a rag to tie around them. They ran after me screaming for coppers. I told my driver to whip up his lazy horse.

"Do they know about Gandhi?" I asked him.

"They get him now from their mother's breast," he answered.

He was a talkative man, but it took all his attention now in order not to run over some naked baby playing in the dust, or brush into some woman, toothless and barren at forty—or crash into some blind beggar picking his way through the eternal night with his staff.

In another five minutes we drew up at the station. Only a few local leaders were supposed to be there to welcome Gandhi, for the committee in charge of the great mass meeting to be held in the evening had given out word that there was to be no demonstration when Gandhi arrived. But that did not keep them away. They had come by the hundreds on foot and donkey-back and in western motor-cars.

There must have been eight thousand there—and I was the only white man among them. It gave me a creepy sensation of half fear. I felt like some thoughtless tourist peering into a strange temple during the hour of worship. For

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Gandhi was their priest and this was as holy to them as a sacrament. I imagine many of them thought I was a government agent or secret service man as I made my way through the great crush that filled the railway platform and overran into the little square in front of the station. I decided I would be less conspicuous and enjoy myself more in some modest niche so I elbowed to a place by the door of the station-master's office, on the outskirts of the crowd.

The station agent, a pleasant Indian in European uniform, came from his office and addressed me in English. I imagine he too thought I was an English official.

"I'm an American writer," I explained immediately. "I've been hearing a lot about your man Gandhi so I've made a special trip here from Calcutta to see him."

"You're an American?" he questioned.

When I finally convinced him that I was, he was only too willing to answer my questions.

"Gandhi is the man who is going to free India from the British," he whispered. "He has three hundred million Indians back of him. He's the only thing in the world the British are afraid of. They don't dare touch him. If they'd put him in jail or try to stop him there'd be a revolution here within twenty-four hours. Just look at this crowd—there's every type of man in India here."

It was a wonderful group of worshipers.

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Here and there scattered through the crowd you could see a man in western dress, but the great majority wore very plain white cotton garments with gay colored headgear. They were mostly poor clerks or laborers.

Gandhi was a dream and a hope for them. They were tired of it all—the ignorance, and poverty, and caste, crowned now with white supremacy. They were blaming the white man for everything. It was unfair but very human.

For one hundred and seventy years the British had been running things in India. Unquestionably they had accomplished much that was good for India—but they had only gone half-way. They had painted a veneer of western civilization on the soiled and outworn East when what was needed was a real renovation. The common man had not been touched. There'd been no effort to educate him—that was too dangerous because with education comes new demands and fresh assumptions.

So these laborers and petty clerks were ready for their chance in the world. They were gaining it, too, through their own fighting. Everywhere over India an epidemic of strikes had broken out. There was hardly a city of any importance that did not face serious labor troubles. These very nights Bombay was dark on account of a strike of the men of the gas works, while the postal and telegraph men had been striking for weeks and

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twelve hundred street-car men were out. In another part of India a great walk-out of thousands of railroad men had taken place and word had just been received of a dangerous labor situation on a number of tea plantations.

I recalled the filth of Calcutta's streets. The sweepers were fighting for four cents more a day. Only recently a hundred thousand laborers employed in the great cotton mills of Bombay had struck for a thirty per cent. increase in wages and a ten-hour day. They were now earning about thirty cents a day.

The birth of the labor movement in India has been even more spectacular than the political awakening. Two and a half years ago there was not an effective labor organization in the whole country. To-day there is a great central organization known as the All Indian Trades Union Congress with several hundred thousand members enrolled in scores of trade unions. In the city of Madras alone there are twenty-seven distinct unions with a membership of more than eighty thousand—and the work is just started.

The organizers of the national body plan to enroll more than two million workmen within a year. While it is all basically economic this powerful young organization is to be swung as a political club, in the battle for home rule. It is, with the Mohammedan organizations, the most powerful of the fighting bodies supporting

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Gandhi and his non-cooperation. Its leaders plan to use all the methods of direct action, go-slow strikes and simple non-cooperation in order to gain their political ends.

It is all tremendously picturesque. One leader outlined to me his plan for enrolling the cooks of Bombay. He explained there were fifteen thousand of them mostly employed in foreign homes, who already had a working organization. Any organized effort on their part to boycott British homes would simply demoralize the whole foreign life—for the servant is all-powerful and all-necessary in India. Modest households, which in America would have one maid at the most, must have from six to ten servants in India.

Besides growing race conscious, these millions were becoming class conscious as well. To-day they were blaming the white man for their condition. But to-morrow they will find that their newly born unions are not being checked by British power alone. Some day they will discover that Calcutta's jute mills and Bombay's cotton factories and the steaming tea plantations and the scorching fields are not all owned by Englishmen.

They will discover that the caste system that chains them to the mud-holes they were born in was thought out and working long before—thousands of years before—the British Empire was ever dreamed of. Some day the fifty-seven mil-

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lion “untouchables”—the pitiful human animals of the lowest depths and the bottom caste, living worse than swine—will lift up their heads and tear to pieces the system that has cheated them for so long. To-day in some parts of India, if they walk within sixty-four feet of a Brahmin of the sacred highest caste, or throw their shadow on him, they might be beaten to death. To-morrow they will wield the clubs themselves.

Our own Christian foreign missions, often sneered at and made fun of by the unknowing, are reaching down and touching these poor “untouchables.” They are bringing them out of their wallow holes. Most of the Christian converts in India are from this God-forgotten class. And strange to tell, the simple single baptism of these abused people makes them step forward real men, who shake off all the fear and superstition of their beaten caste as they shake the water from their dripping heads.

And this same thing is coming true of the numberless other castes of the lower orders. They blame the British to-day for their poverty and ignorance. But when they do break the British power they will discover they have other things to break before they can come up into the sunlight. And one by one they will smash their castes and superstitions and traditions and their man-made religions.

The revolt of the East against the West is only

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a prelude to the greater revolt of the East against the East itself. But foreign masters come first, and so here these thousands were on this seething platform offering themselves to Gandhi—their saint and hero-leader.

Standing near me was a beggar in a bit of grimy sack cloth: in the bazaars and the great whispering galleries of the East he had caught the magic of Saint Gandhi. He had quit his stand and hidden his beggar's bowl for the moment, to shout the name of Gandhi.

The train was late but the crowd was patient; for thousands of years they had been waiting and so an hour or two more didn't make any difference. Several women were in the crowd and I noticed a number of boys; but they lacked the irresponsibility and spontaneity of our own boys; they were born old.

Then the train came in, and from a third-class wooden coach a little figure in white—a pathetic little figure—alighted. With a sense of shock I realized that this insignificant shrunken figure was the man I had heard so much about—the great Gandhi. He was thin, shrunken, almost emaciated, and there was no look of the leader about him.

But I knew it was Gandhi as quickly as the crowd did. He was pathetic but there was a touch of tremendous spiritual power about him.

Here was the man who was shaking the world

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with a new idea. Here was the man who was fighting a new kind of warfare—who was enlisting the souls and hearts of men to break machine-guns.

This was the man who twenty-five years ago, a young English trained lawyer of good family and high caste, had given up everything to fight for his countrymen.

Returning to India from his law school in England he had been sent by his firm to South Africa to conduct an important case. With the case settled he was preparing to go back to India when his sympathies were enlisted in a fight that was being made to improve the condition of thousands of contract Indian laborers employed in South Africa by the Boers and English.

It was a fight that extended through twenty-five years and this thin, anemic weakling led it. He spent not a little of that time in prison and in disgrace but he stuck to his guns and in the end saw the worst of the injustices swept away and his countrymen in much better condition.

Time and again he had been roughly handled, but he had never lost faith in the right and justice of the British Empire. When the Boer War came along he promptly organized an ambulance corps for the English Army and actively engaged in helping the British cause.

When this last great war broke out, Gandhi had only just arrived in England from South

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Africa, but he promptly organized another ambulance corps. In 1915 he went to India and for three years was active in his support of the British cause.

At the same time he was quite willing to throw himself into dangerous labor situations when he made certain that his people were being mistreated by the government or their employers or their landlords. He made no discrimination here between the English and his own people. Slowly he gained the great confidence of all India. His life of sacrifice and unselfish devotion had won him the title of "Saint" Gandhi. Like most of India's beloved heroes of the past, he was a hero of the soul and not of the sword.

Through it all he kept his faith in the British Empire. Others faltered and lost faith, but he kept his bright. He insisted that India must help England in her hour of need and then when the war was won England would do the square thing. He would not countenance anything that even hinted at revolt.

Then one steaming April day at Amritsar in the north of India, when a British general pumped steel into a vast crowd of unarmed Indians, killing four hundred and injuring another one thousand—and England didn't seem to care—he lost this faith. Not many people in the western world remember anything about the incident, but there are few dates in India's thousands of years of

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history that are more important—and few days in the annals of the British Empire that are blacker or promise to be more costly.

It turned Gandhi from a strong believer in the Empire to a great hater. And when Gandhi turned India turned. All India turned—Moslems, Hindus, Sikhs—all India.

For centuries India has quarreled and fought within herself. Different sects, castes and religions have kept the great country in a turmoil. England had only to fan the fire of these differences to make her rule a comparatively easy one. It has been her famous “divide and rule” policy.

The Indian army is a good illustration of this policy. Each brigade will be composed of entirely different and distinct units—one Mohammedan battalion, one Hindu battalion, one Sikh battalion with one British white battalion to control the whole thing. Each has different customs, dialects, religions and superstitions. There has been no chance of developing any unity of opposition among all these widely separated groups.

Now it is different. The Mohammedans and the Hindus have buried their ancient grudges and the leaders of the seventy million Moslems and the two hundred million Hindus are at last working hand in glove. In 1906 a Moslem League was formed and in 1915 held its first joint session with the great All Indian National Congress—an unofficial body representing the hopes and de-

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mands of all India. Tighter and tighter the bonds binding the two great bodies have been drawn so that to-day they are fighting side by side.

These seventy million Mohammedans, incidentally, are the real fighting force of the home rule agitation. As a leaven and ferment their unrest has been put upon a religious basis, with a foundation that goes down to the very depths of the Moslem faith.

These Moslems, besides fighting for home rule, demand that England rewrite the Turkish peace treaty and give back to the sultan of Turkey the control over all the sacred Mohammedan shrines. To the simple believer it is a pure matter of religion, but to the shrewd Moslem leaders, this religious element is the steel in their swords of revolt.

The terrible killing that April day in Amritsar helped forge these same swords. And quite as important, it broke the faith of Gandhi in the justness and fairness of England. And when Gandhi's faith went, India too lost her faith.

With faith in England gone Gandhi showed them how to draw a great new faith in their own India. They could break this power that was overshadowing them by the invincible force of their spirits. They would withdraw from everything that was British. They would cease all cooperation; they would boycott British goods; they would pull the fires from the British engine in India. They would leave England in India

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prostrate and helpless. They would beat the British Empire by simply not playing ball. They would break the British Empire by taking away India.

This thin, half broken figure worming his way gently through the crowd was the torch-bearer of all this.

It was raw drama. It was all new for the West —this power of spiritual force. This man was pleading and begging for peace, for non-violence, and yet he was enlisting the millions of sleeping India for war. It was a paradox that only the East could understand. It was his weak thin voice that was calling millions of native Indians out of the past.

He had finally awakened them and here they were, thousands of them, cheering from the very depths of their hearts.

Men fought to kiss his hands and to touch his skirt with their lips. One patriarch with a great white beard clutched his hands and buried his face in them and sobbed in them. He was a Messiah to them all.

Two hours later Gandhi was sitting at my feet talking to me in soft low voice. It was in a great bare room without furniture. There was no one there when I entered, but presently a door opened and Gandhi stepped forward with hand outstretched.

He had eyes that were deep with pity and love,

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and burning bright with a great purpose. You forgot that he was a frail little man with a funny shaved head and hollow sallow cheeks, with most of his teeth gone, and that he wore coarse homespun clothes, and that his feet were bare. It was his eyes that held you.

Some one brought a single chair and he insisted that I sit on it while he squatted cross-legged on the floor beside me. Possibly twenty of his local disciples came in noiselessly and seated themselves on the floor in a semicircle about us. Certainly not half of them could understand English, but they could look at Gandhi.

"What can I tell you?" he asked in soft, perfectly spoken English.

"The story of how you are going to break British power in India," I replied.

A ghost of a smile that seemed to hurt him trailed across his face like a moving shadow. "During the Boer War I had great faith and confidence in the British and raised a stretcher-bearer corps to help them," he began. "In 1914 I reached London two days after war was declared and immediately organized an ambulance corps. Later I came on here and when I found the Mohammedan leaders worried about the future of the sultan, who is the head of the Church and the guardian of their shrines, I told them that Lloyd George would keep his promise, that he would treat Turkey fairly. But they said no,

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“I was insistent that we must do all we could to help England in this great hour of her need. I pleaded for army enlistment—we raised more than a million men in India for the British Army.

“Then the war ended and I said that now we would gain our reward, we would be given at least practical home rule and be permitted to work out our own destiny. I still had faith!”

Always it was this great faith that he came back to, time and again. Faith, he believed, would move empires.

“But there was nothing but promises and a half-hearted reform bill. They call this bill the Montague-Chelmsford Bill and they hold that it fulfills their pledges. But it gives us only the cheapest imitation of self-government, of home rule. It allows certain Indian assemblies and local administrations, but it is all circumscribed by a system of checks and balances that leaves all the real power in the hands of the British. It is a great subterfuge—and we are sick and tired of subterfuges.

“While this bill was being discussed and prepared the Punjab disturbances broke out. Those were terrible days, but I was sure that the British would be just and fair so I still held faith.”

At great length Gandhi explained all about these terrible days. Over all the cities of Northern India there was in that spring of 1919 a growing feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction. About

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half the population are Moslems, and already there was at work the religious ferment that was expressing itself in the Khalifat questions. But more important than this religious aspect was a pure demand for nationalism. This demand and the unrest that went with it were intensified by the Rowlatt Bill which gave special and drastic power for the handling of all kinds and phases of rebellious actions.

This Rowlatt Bill was a pure war-time measure kept in force after the war. It gave the government tremendous powers over the press and gave to police and judiciary practically autocratic authority over everything that seemed so much as flavored with any demand for home rule and freedom.

As a protest against this law, *hartals*—complete closing of all stores and shops—began to be called by the natives toward the last of February, 1919. Meetings were held everywhere and a tenseness against the British began to be felt. Gandhi, who attempted to visit the Punjab, was turned back to the border, intensifying the feeling. Inflammatory speeches and seditious notices were of almost daily occurrence.

On the morning of April 10, 1919, Doctor Satyapal and Doctor Kitchlew, the two most powerful local leaders in the north, were deported by motor from Amritsar. As soon as this news spread a crowd collected in Amritsar and attempted to

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march to the deputy commissioner's to protest. At Hall Gate Bridge it encountered a patrol of soldiers; stones were thrown and the troops replied with fire, killing several. At this the crowd became a wild mob, completely out of the hands of its leaders. It burned all European and government property in the city and killed three English bank managers, and Miss Sherwood, a mission worker, was assaulted, the railway station was attacked and an English guard killed.

"On the morning of April 13th, General Dyer heard that a great meeting was to be held in a hollow square called Jallenwala Bagh," Gandhi went on. "A few minutes before five in the evening he marched a detachment of fifty Gurkhas and Sikhs into one end of the square and immediately opened fire on the unarmed crowd, some ten thousand people, assembled there."

Gandhi's voice trailed into a whisper of horror. I was living again the brutal memories of my own visit to this slaughter pen.

Gandhi called it "Jallenwala Bagh"—its Indian name. In my mind I had always called it Death's Hollow. I had been there only a few days before, and again I was walking along the lane leading into it—a lane so narrow that Dyer's two armored cars could not pass through.

Over the whole terrible hollow hung a death shadow as sickly and crushing as the pitiless heat that smothered everything like a great blanket.

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There should have been buzzing blue flies and a vulture or two about, but there was none—the heat was too terrific even for flies and carrion.

“Through that lane Dyer and his fifty Gurkhas and Sikhs came in,” Gandhi droned. “They left their armored cars outside because they could not bring them in; they would have killed every one had they had those machine-guns.

“On a little rise of ground next the wall Dyer drew up his soldiers. He marched them in, placed them on both sides the entrance and immediately they opened fire. The people had no warning, no chance.

“The speaker’s stand was in the center. There were four or five small passages, altogether, and after the soldiers started firing and the crowd tried to escape he concentrated his firing on these exits. There were heaps of dead and injured around each of them. He fired until he’d used up all his ammunition—one thousand six hundred and fifty rounds—he admitted that in his evidence. If he’d had his armored cars inside he would have killed them all.”

Like one wandering in a trance I stumbled again over the parched brown ground of the square, raising my feet so that I would not trample the prostrate ghosts of dead men. Here were bullet marks in the wall; some untrained boy sepoy still with a heart, was shooting high. Over there was the low mud wall that had proved

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death's hurdle to scores; a fresh coat of dried mud hid its scars. On this side was an unprotected open well, some twenty feet wide, that had been the tomb of a half dozen men.

Again I sat in the shade of the single big tree—men and boys had fought that day for a place behind its sturdy trunk. Four hundred men had been killed and at least a thousand injured in this hollow during those six minutes of firing.

I brought myself up with a jerk. I was back in Cawnpore in this great bare room. Gandhi was squatting on the floor beside me, playing with his bare toes, and in the half-circle were his followers. He was still talking in his soft, gentle voice.

“But infinitely worse was the horrible, devilish crime of deliberately breaking the spirit of the people—people who had given tremendous help to the empire during the war.

“Still I held to my faith and in December, 1919, I pleaded with our unofficial Indian National Congress for cooperation, assuring them that when the British people knew the facts they would sweep away Lieutenant-Governor O’Dwyer, General Dyer and the whole breed, and right the Khalifat wrongs. But I saw Lloyd George turn against us and British public opinion praise to the skies Lieutenant-Governor O’Dwyer, who was a hundred times worse than General Dyer. I think General Dyer would have acted like a fine soldier had not the spirit of O’Dwyer poisoned

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him. But General Dyer went mad, shooting innocent men until his ammunition was exhausted.”

Gandhi’s face was flushed as he continued: “I can’t accuse the Germans of anything half as terrible as what Dyer did. When I saw the House of Lords and many members of the House of Commons further insult India by defending Dyer, I thought my connection with British power must end until they repented for their crimes and asked forgiveness. They’ve done neither, so I am trying my best to end British connection with India.

“At first I thought the new legislative reforms might work, but to-day with the scales dropped from my eyes I look upon them as a death-trap. So now I am advocating non-violent non-cooperation. India has a population of three hundred and fifteen million, while the number of English officials here are not more than one hundred thousand. If we break all connection with this one hundred thousand, in spite of machine-guns, aeroplanes and strong forts, they are physically powerless; therefore if we non-cooperate they must automatically leave India or satisfy us. And they can satisfy us now only by rewriting the Turkish peace terms, granting full reparation for Punjab crimes and by giving full self-government, such that India may voluntarily remain a party in the empire—if she chooses. It is to be non-violent non-cooperation.”

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This Tolstoian philosophy of non-resistance is as old to the East as the hills of the Himalayas, but it will always be mysterious and untranslatable to the pure western mind. It is a faith in the unbreakable force of spirit. It is the converting of a negative force into a positive one; the vitalizing of the inertia of the East. It is all of the mysticism of the Orient.

Yet it is quite simple and quite plausible. It is nothing more nor less than the strike of all India. The problem Gandhi faces is to establish a propaganda organization sufficient to make India conscious of her power and willing to suffer in order to gain her ends.

The general scheme of non-cooperation adopted by the Indian National Congress, the great voice of India, embodies a number of points:

1. Giving up of all British titles and honorary offices.
2. Boycott of all official functions.
3. Withdrawal of students from all government owned or aided schools and the establishment of Indian national schools.
4. Boycott British courts by Indian lawyers and litigants and the establishment of private arbitration courts.
5. Refusal of Indians to be candidates for new assemblies and the total abstinence from all voting, and
6. Boycott English-made goods.

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Already the program is being extended to include non-payment of taxes. Withdrawal of all government servants will probably be attempted later, with desertion from the army as a final stage. It is all Gandhi's idea and it is Gandhi's power that keeps the whole movement from turning to terrible violence.

"If there is violence it will be because the government takes oppressive measures against us," Gandhi continued. "There is always danger in a movement of this kind, but if we had not taken this course there would have been trouble anyhow. We shall go ahead with what we have mapped out, but if our present non-cooperation fails, we shall next call out all government servants; and the next phase will be to call out the soldiers. The amount of violence will depend on what the government does rather than what we do.

"One thing is certain—India is not going to stop. We are trying to win now by non-violence; if this fails the consequence will be too terrible to contemplate. Our people then will have lost all faith in peaceful means.

"The movement might get out of my hands and beyond my power but even with that in view and even facing anarchy, it will be better than the present emasculated, half-beaten condition of India. The English have deprived us of all manliness, all self-respect, all self-reliance. They

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have impoverished us in body, mind and soul. They have broken our hearts."

Outside there was shouting. Gandhi's followers were tired of waiting; they wanted a fresh glimpse of their hero.

I rose and bowed myself out of the room. As I made my way to my carriage the crowd wondered what a white man had been doing in this house of their saint. Some of them muttered sullenly as I went by.

It was India muttering. It was the whole East muttering.

And some day it will turn into a wild shouting—a cry that will carry with it hope and fear and anger and sorrow. The splendid, lovable young Prince of Wales heard it on his visit to this passing half empire of his. In two or three places it became an audible, sullen warning cry: in others it was but the low moaning of heart-broken people.

Surely the prince learned a great deal on this inspection tour—just as Gandhi learned a great deal. They both must have felt keenly and fear-somely the rising temper of great India.

Gandhi, I know, saw that his immediate task was to keep his non-violent movement just that—to keep angry men sane. He had seen a strong wind of hate and determination throw the sparks of his gentle flame of non-cooperation high in the air. He had seen that common India is hardly

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prepared for mass discipline and non-violent mass revolt.

This knowledge will probably slow up his revolt. In these early days of 1922 as I write he is centering his work on the idea of a nation-wide, effective, pacific boycott of foreign, and particularly British-made, goods. To the millions this means cotton goods.

In his fight to awaken British consciousness through the pocketbooks of Manchester cotton manufacturers, he has led the movement for a return to the old hand looms. To-day in India the real badge of patriotism and nationalism is the wearing of the coarse, home-made cotton garments. Clothes of foreign cut or foreign goods are a mark of disloyalty.

And so India stumbles on. Her best friends know that the days ahead will not be gentle ones for her. They know that should she succeed in breaking the British hold on India that dark days would follow.

But they also know that England can not *give* much to India—that India must dream and hope and fight to gain things that will be of real benefit to her. They know that the very wishing and struggling—the very doing and daring—the very act of arousing a consciousness for independence and a willingness to fight and die to gain it, goes a long way in making common India ready and worthy of that independence.

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India did need England—but now for her own national soul she needs the battle that it will take to send England from her shores. She will gain from the very fight more than England could ever give.

In the end a new India will be born—an India that is of the East yet has the iron of the West in her civilization. As she takes from the West our genius for organization, our inventions, our science and some of our ethics, she will give back much of her priceless philosophies, her meditation, her arts.

It will be a fair exchange. A better, finer East will result—and a wiser, more tolerant West.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW RELIGIOUS NATIONALISM OF THE EAST

THE STORY of the revolt against white domination by India's three hundred million is the story of the unrest of but one-third of the billion black, brown and yellow men of the awakening East. This that follows is the story of another discontented third—of the great Mohammedan millions scattered from the provinces of India, through the historical passes of the Himalayas, across Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, over the Nile and into Egypt, and across the great stretches of Northern Africa.

They too are tired of domination. They too are tired of their subservience to Europe. They, like the millions of ignorant, half-hungry Hindus of India, want to run their own affairs their own way, and they do not care if it is less efficient or less modern or less "civilized" than the way of their European masters and tutors. They are willing to admit the superiority of much of western civilization, but they want to be the choosers themselves.

It is difficult for the outsider to realize the depth and the vital consequences of this growing

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racial and national consciousness of the submerged peoples of the East. It is easy to wax sentimental over the denied rights of small nations and grow maudlin over such honeyed phrases as self-determination, but demand for self-government of the East is far from a sentimental thing—it is deep and lasting and its roots are planted in hate.

I remember it was in a tiny nameless village not so very far from Cairo that I first touched hands with this growing hate of the common Egyptian for the British. British officials had told me that all this talk of revolt and nationalism was the work of a few rattle-brained, loose-tongued Egyptian lawyers and boy-students, and that it had no real roots. So I took a camel trip into the mud villages along the Nile to discover first-hand whether it was only an exotic plant thriving on hot air or if it did really go deep into the ground.

Our lazy old camels shambled their way noiselessly through the narrow crooked lanes of the village. Everything was baked mud and straw and brown dirt. A half-dozen times we turned corners and all but bumped into veilless women carrying water-jugs on their heads. Each time they fled in panic. Within their own little communities they lived freely and sanely, but the instant they encountered a stranger and particularly a white man they ducked their heads behind raised elbows like bashful children.

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We drew up in front of the largest house in the village and our camels folded themselves up joint by joint and we slid off. A queer-looking individual, with cross eyes and a torn old khaki overcoat that had seen war service, welcomed us to his city. Apparently he was the village constable. He led us to the corridor of the house and excusing himself for a moment, shuffled inside and in a half minute brought out a kindly-looking patriarch with a great white beard and very gentle, friendly eyes.

The old fellow apologized profusely for not knowing in advance of our intention to visit him, and hospitably showed us the way into a large square living-room with a divan at one end. Then he gave an order to the constable and the cross-eyed man retired. Apparently he sent him after the rest of the village elders, for in a few minutes they began to file into the room with their best robes on. There must have been ten or a dozen of them all told.

These were wonderful old men. The village probably had a hundred mud houses and these dozen men were the wisest and most trusted men of the community. Only one or two of them could read or write, but they were as shrewd as Yankee farmers. In their flowing colored robes and brilliant headgear they looked as if they might have stepped from some child's picture-book of biblical tales.

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They welcomed me with greatest courtesy, but they were suspicious. I said something about Egyptian polities, but they were evasive. "We have no interest in politics here in the country," one old man on my left answered. "We care only about how much it costs to live and how low the price of our cotton is."

For fifteen minutes they talked of cotton and explained how the whole life of Egypt was bound up in it. When the price was high Egypt smiled and was happy but when a slump came there was no joy along the Nile.

"We are actually growing cotton at a loss at the present price," one explained for the tenth time. "Something must be done or we *fellaheen* will . . ."

"Just why is it that you want the British to go?" I cut in suddenly, turning to a squat old fellow sitting near me who had remained silent all during the cotton talk.

"We want Egypt for ourselves," he replied, thrown for the moment off his guard. "I slave and save and send my boy to school and then to college. When he finishes he finds all the good government jobs open only to the English. He must take a small place or come back to this little village and help me in the fields and irrigation ditches. We want our own people to run our own country. We are tired of outsiders; we are sick of doing only what they want us to do. . . ."

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"And you," I shot at another, "what have you against the British?"

"During the war they took our camels and our donkeys and our grain and drafted our sons in their labor armies and oppressed us just as they wished," he answered rapidly. I had broken the crust at last and they all wanted to talk. "The British showed us just what they were in the war. We trusted them before that but never again will we . . ."

A tall, raw-boned, bearded man in a rich blue robe—a commanding figure in any gathering—rose from his chair at this point and strode up in front of me. He was excited and aroused, and if ever a man told what was beating in his heart it was he.

"Yes, but that isn't all," he exclaimed. "Look at the cursed Capitulations—chains tied to the hands and feet of poor Egypt. You all profit from them. What chance have we for justice in a case against a foreigner?"

I was silent although I could have answered with the stock foreign apologies for these Capitulations. They were an inheritance from the days of Turkish rule and had been brought from Constantinople by the Sick Man of Europe. They were similar to the "extra territorial rights" practised in China. Here in Egypt they exempted foreigners from practically all taxation and all control by Egyptian authority. If a foreigner

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committed a crime he could be tried only by his own consular court. If there was a civil dispute between foreigners or a foreigner and a native it was tried in the "mixed courts" with foreign and native judges. These Capitulations were unquestionably unjust in many ways.

"Even these terrible Capitulations are only part of it," he went on. "So much do the English want our cotton that they won't let us plant tobacco, and they discourage the growth of our own industries and retard our commercial development. We are tired of the English and we want them all to leave. If they remain they must act as our guests and not as our masters. We want *istiklad*—independence."

"But independence comes high," I suggested. "Are you sure you are ready to pay the full cost?"

"With our own lives and with the lives of our sons . . ."

"And with the lives of our wives and of our children," a man across the room interjected.

It was dramatic but these men were speaking from their hearts. In frozen Siberia I had heard peasants, dreaming of driving the Japanese from their lands, speak with the same fervor and spirit. This Egyptian word *istiklad* was as magic a word as the Russian *svoboda* or the Korean *mansai*—independence! liberty! freedom!

Here in this Nile village I was seeing the birth

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of the spirit of nationalism, of something new for this part of the world. For the first time in the history of all Egypt the *fellaḥ* was thinking of other things besides family or village loyalty—or a stomach full of rice. He had a national idea and ideal for the first time. He wanted common education and common chance. He wanted real equality. He wanted class equality and color equality and political equality. He was awaking.

“But you men forget what the conditions were in the old days before the British came,” I argued. “I venture that some of you in this room still bear the scars of the tax collector’s whip or the overseer’s lash.”

“Yes,” one old fellow answered, “but no one is ever going to oppress us in the future. We are sick and tired of being under-dogs.”

For the forty years the British had been in Egypt they had neglected lower education and spent Egyptian money only for higher schools to train their clerks and educate an overdose of lawyers. But there had been no great outcry from the Egyptians.

Now it was different. Now there was a national appeal for universal education. There was an awakened interest among rich and educated Egyptians for lowly Egypt. There was a new national consciousness.

This from a mud village along the sleepy old

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Nile. It was the voice of Egypt and these men were talking for millions of simple farmer folks. In other villages and in the big cities I heard echoes of the same words.

It wasn't a question of what was best or right or fair—it was the question of a national impulse. These people wanted to run their own affairs their own way. It was a national impulse that gained a driving force from the resentment of one of the strongest religions in the world—Islamism. Fundamentally Islamism is opposed to Christian Europe and this new idea of Eastern Nationalism only enlarges this gulf between the two great groups.

Of the thirteen million Egyptians probably ninety per cent. belong to the two or three different branches of the Moslem faith. There are some eight hundred thousand Copts—the relics of a very early Christian faith—but just as in India where the Hindus and Moslems have joined together, so here in Egypt the Moslems and most of the Christians are now united in their fight for independence.

During the war there was no trouble of consequence. Egypt was loyal, filled her quotas, raised great labor corps, and stuck. With victory for the British came an immediate demand for the recognition of Egyptian independence. Zaghlul Pasha, the most influential Egyptian politician, asked for permission to take a delegation to Paris

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to press Egyptian claims before the coming Peace Conference. This was November 13, 1918, and already they call it Independence Day in Egypt.

Instead of landing in Paris, Zaghlul, Egypt's hero, eventually was taken to Malta. A terrible flare of revolt and bloodshed and race hatred was the result. Schools struck, government clerks refused to work, and the whole country dropped like a plummet into a bitter boycott against everything that had to do with the British or their government of Egypt.

Friends hearing where Zaghlul had been taken, went to his home and told his wife that he was in Malta and safe.

"What do I care about news of my husband," she is said to have cried. "I care only for Egypt. As long as she is in slavery I have no interest in my husband's health or his whereabouts."

And this was in the dying East where women still hide their faces behind veils and hide their lives and hearts behind the eternal black curtains of outworn traditions and cruel superstitions.

Children, schoolboys and girls, flocked through the streets, screaming their words "*Vehvia istiklad*"—Long live Independence! For four months there was not a school in Egypt open. Ignorant cotton farmers, like the *fellaheen* in the Nile villages I had visited, burned buildings and bridges and tore up railroad tracks. Many of them had only their bare hands to fight with, but

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they fought with them. Finally the revolt was put down with a considerable loss of life, and Zaghlul with his Egyptian delegation was eventually permitted to go to Paris.

Lord Milner, at that time colonial secretary, came to Egypt to make a careful investigation. All Egypt boycotted him, saying that their only spokesman was Zaghlul and that he must deal with him. Eventually the two men were brought together and a plan for sweeping changes in the government of Egypt arrived at.

But it was not to be. In the spring of 1921 Lord Milner was eased out of the British Cabinet and all that he had done toward a fair and satisfactory Egyptian settlement upset. And so again the fires of revolt burn up and down the great Nile Valley. Again there are Egyptian mobs and again British Tommies are ordered to fire into them.

Zaghlul Pasha, the hero of millions of common Egyptians, arrested and spirited away, is held in exile in Ceylon, but his spirit still remains the inspiration for Egypt.

"If the proposals for Egyptian independence fall through we shall use every weapon of bitter protest and resistance we can find," one of the leaders in Cairo explained to me. "We refuse to be ruled longer against our will. We are in no mood to be fooled with. Ninety per cent. of our people are standing shoulder to shoulder in

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these demands for independence, and if Britain refuse to recognize us then we shall start fresh revolts. They may for the present take only the form of intense passive resistance after the manner of Gandhi and India, but violence may break out at any time. There is a small group here, mostly rich men, who want England to retain her grip on Egypt, but they are more than offset by the extreme radicals who want England to leave, lock, stock and barrel."

This is nationalism, but it is nationalism made of the bricks of race feelings and bound together by the mortar of Moslem religion. It is difficult for the western world to realize that nationalism is a new thing for the East. There, for thousands of years, the loyalty has been to family and village and tribe and religion—and possibly to king. But until now there has never been that pride of country and flag that the West has developed.

During the war Moslem fought against Moslem, and the German-conceived idea of a great Holy War of Moslems against Christians fell flat like the rest of Germany's dreams. The Arabs around the holy Moslem city of Mecca followed their King Feisal and fought alongside British Tommies against the German-led Turks. When British planes dropped propaganda pamphlets within the crumbling walls of old Jerusalem, Moslems thought Britain meant her high-sounding phrases of self-determination—and these

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Moslem desertions helped materially to bring General Allenby victory. Since then they have had a large dose of the white man of Europe, and now they are dreaming of the good old days when they had only the indolent, inefficient Sick Man of Turkey to bother them.

I spent an hour or two in a tiny harem—which sounds naughty and romantic, but which in this instance was only a small one-roomed building alongside the beautiful Mosque of Omar, on the site of King Solomon's temple in Jerusalem. Two old sheiks met me there and we squatted cross-legged on the rug and talked of religion and politics and Turkey and England and white men and things in general. In addition to these two rich and prominent elders, a pair of old fellows who worked around the mosque came in and squatted alongside of us—the real social democracy of Mohammedanism. One made sweet, thick Turkish coffee over a charcoal brazier and served us; and then drank out of the same little bowl.

"Before the war we used to pray to God to rid us of the Turks, and now we pray God to rid us of the English," one of the elders said in a soft low voice. "The British promised us they would free us from the Turks and help us establish a great Arabic state. We Moslems are fully seventy per cent. of the people here, but instead of helping us establish an Arabic state they are helping a Zionist minority of fifteen per cent. to rule us.

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"We will never suffer that," he went on. "What we really want is a confederation of all the Moslem states of old Turkey. We can work out our own affairs then. We can have our religion and our holy shrines and yet we can have nationalism too."

"And about Kemel Pasha?" I asked, referring to the dashing young Turk who refused to recognize the Turkish peace treaty.

The elder hesitated for a moment. "Of course we all believe in him now," he answered. "He's fighting our battles against Europe." They, like the rest of the great, sleepy East, were tired of Europe's interference. They wanted the West to leave them alone.

While in Palestine it may not be fundamentally a racial or color question or a religious question, yet it certainly has to do with the people of that district running their own affairs. The fact that the immediate peace and prosperity of the community probably depends on the presence of British troops and Pax Britanniæ, does not at all affect the fundamental proposition. The people native there simply want to govern themselves.

Just as in India and Egypt where different religions and sects have combined to gain home rule, so there in those sun-lit holy hills of Judas one finds the Christians, numbering some fifteen per cent., combined with the Moslems, numbering certainly seventy per cent., in a Moslem-Christian

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League. It is a combination to oppose the growing strength of the Zionists who—within Palestine—have no real power without the support and drive of the British Government and the British troops.

The white man has interfered again—and again he has gained only deep hatred as a reward. Go east across the Jordan and hit the long dusty trail to that ancient land between the Tigris and the Euphrates. Here Europe, searching for oil and new cotton-fields and undeveloped markets, has driven deep her stakes of influence—and the farmers of the great valley and the silent Arabs of the deserts have said “NO! we don’t want you or your governments or your western ways.”

Nationalism is something brand-new here, too. There is only the nationalism of the tent and the flock. There is almost as much difference between these various Arab tribes as between the several peoples of Europe.

Roughly speaking, there are three million people in Mesopotamia, divided up in six great tribes and some fifty smaller ones. But they are all men of one color and pretty much of one religion, and they are all against British interference.

It is a romantic gamble—this billion dollar gamble that England is taking in Mesopotamia. After all, the oil that is to pay the piper is of uncertain quantity, but if it flows full and black a pipe line stretched from the oil fields to Aleppo

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on the Mediterranean would only be a stretch of some five hundred fifty miles—an eight-inch pipe line, eighteen inches under the ground, with only two great pumping stations, would do it. And the British fleet would be two or three weeks nearer its precious fuel supply. And control of Arabia, too, would guarantee a short-cut railroad route from the sea to India.

But all this is mere speculation, while the deep growing hate of the East and the Near East is anything but speculation. As I have tried to make clear, the Moslems offer the closest bound, most virile organization against the West. There are some three hundred million of them scattered through Southern Asia and across Arabia and Northern Africa.

They have no great central organization or directing force, but they have a deep-rooted religion that lends itself easily to belligerency. During the war the Central Powers attempted to turn it into a Holy War against the Allies, but failed because the resentment against Europe was only beginning to seethe and because in many districts the native Moslems were bitter against their own Moslem masters—to wit, the Arab Moslems against the Turkish Moslems.

With the war ended and the European nations splitting the spoils of the Near East among themselves, the Moslems turned against Europe. At present all throughout the Moslem countries

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there has been great ranting and waving of arms over what is termed the Khalifat injustices.

This is especially true in India where the seventy million Moslems have been whipped into a fury of religious hate by their leaders over what they believe to be the grave injustices done by England against them.

Mohammed Ali, who shares with his fighting brother, Shaukat Ali, the distinction of leading Indian Mohammedans, talked with me a long time about all these questions. This man, Mohammed Ali, is a tremendous big, thick chested, black bearded man, who is frankly out to break Britain and gain independence for India at any cost. Late in 1921 these brothers were thrown in jail charged with preaching sedition among Indian troops.

"We are body and soul in the revolution to free India from Britain," he screamed at me when I talked to him. "We are out to abolish the present system of British government in India, law or no law. We are with Mahatma Gandhi and his non-violent non-cooperating revolt, but if non-co-operation fails then we seventy million Moslems are allowed by our faith but two courses—we must either migrate from the country or declare a holy war against the British."

Mohammed thundered away about what India had suffered from British rule and gently I led him back on the track. "What's all this Khalifat business?" I asked.

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"When England declared war against Turkey," he explained, "she announced to India that the war involved no religious question and the holy places of Islam, Mecca, Jerusalem, etc., would remain free as long as Turkey did not interfere with pilgrims visiting these holy places. Turkey never stopped pilgrims, yet to-day despite repeated pledges, all the holy places of Islam are directly or indirectly in British hands.

"The Turkish treaty aims at the complete elimination of the Khalifat, which is the church organization with a head who enjoys temporal power. The sultan has for years been the accepted head.

"During the World War thousands of Indian Moslems fought for the British on the definite pledge from Lloyd George that we were not fighting Turkey to deprive her of Constantinople or the rich and renowned lands of Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race.

"All these pledges have been violated; the holy places have been attacked; the sultan detained in Constantinople as a sort of hostage; Thrace and Smyrna, the richest parts of Asia Minor, handed to Greece, while over the holy places of Islam, mandates have been established which neither Palestine, Syria or Mesopotamia want. England has been to blame for all this and only by restoring the power of the head of the Moslem faith will Indian Mohammedans be satisfied. Let all the

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different districts of Asia Minor form their own governments with as much autonomy as they wish, all to fuse in some federation with the Turks. Until England rights these Khalifat wrongs and gives India home rule, there will be no truce. We will accept no compromise.”

But these are fine colorful words. They are words to thrill Moslems and to make them hate the British. I talked with many educated and intelligent Moslem leaders about them. A few of these leaders freely admitted they were just words—words to stir up the ignorant common Mohammedan against foreign domination.

Which is to say they were using religion as a political weapon. Religion comes as the last of all the great surges that make men die in numbers—struggle for existence, race, nationalism and religion. Yet religious wars have been and can be as bitter and desperate as any other struggle.

After all, religion *is* deep—and nowhere are its roots so firmly implanted as in the backwaters of civilization. It was in the Khyber Pass—the great gateway between Central Asia and India—that this struck me most forcibly.

It was late in the afternoon and the cool of the approaching evening was keeping pace with the lengthening shadows of the great bare mountains. Every rock and shrub was reeking with romance. It was the Pass of the Ages. Through its tor-

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turous fifty miles of narrow road the Arions—the white men from some early cradle of civilization—had fought their way southward into the rich plains of India. They had stayed on as rulers, and slowly the blazing Indian sun had browned them. To-day, ten or fifteen thousand years later, they are still the ruling caste of all India—the Brahmins. And hundreds of years later the hard riding Eastern nomads, thirsty for conquest and loot, had whipped their shaggy ponies through this same Pass of Romance.

No other single spot in the world could tell such tales of wonder and war and adventure and romance; its deep sides still echo these tales. And Romance and Adventure still live there.

This day the sun was just dropping and evening now would come on with a rush. The foot road and the motor road that for miles run one above the other on the mountain sides, like parallel snakes, drew together and now ran side by side. A tired dusty camel-train choked the soft foot road. They were carrying rugs from Bokhara and fruits from Afghanistan and Romance from Back There. Suddenly they halted and the camel men silently spread out their worn and dusty prayer-rugs and began their evening devotion.

These were men—men of the Old East—tired men, brave men, men of different standards of conduct and life from us of the West. They

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wouldn't have hesitated in the least to have robbed me or killed me—and here they were on their knees before the dropping sun. Five times each day they unrolled their prayer-mats. This is the religion that to-day stands like a citadel against the interference of the West. Three hundred million obey its sacred orders.

That night I was chatting with a British official in his office at Peshawr. He was telling me about the two million Moslem tribesmen who live in tiny villages perched like eagles' nests among these great hills of the Himalayas of Northwest-ern India. He explained how backward they were, how brutal their civilization; he told about the family and village blood feuds that are passed down from one generation to another sometimes resulting in the extermination of whole families.

He explained, too, how these two million tribes-men, with their four hundred thousand men, all armed with rifles of some sort, and all fighters by instinct and wish, are the most difficult mili-tary problem that the British Government in India has had to solve in the past. Religious almost to a degree of fanaticism, they have always been at the call of their half-mad *mullahs*—Mos-lem leaders—as well as being amenable to money and religious influences from their Moslem broth-ers in the great backward country of Afghani-stan, lying to their north and west, separating India from Russia proper.

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These different tribes, with their tribal hates and jealousies, have been kept in hand through a liberal use of money and the British Indian Army. Peace here has been bought. In the past money has had a great deal to do with keeping peace with Afghanistan, as well. For almost a half-century the great duel for the control of Afghanistan went on between the British and the Russians. By the power of persuasion and the threat of invasion and the liberal use of money the amir of Afghanistan had been kept under the spell of the British political agents.

In 1876 the old amir consolidated the country following an Afghan war. Toward the end of the last century he died and his son succeeded him. As in the case of his father, the British paid him for his loyalty and for continuing to act as a buffer state between India and Russia.

During the Great War the amir flirted with German and Turkish missions, but all in all played fair with the British. He could handle his foreign affairs fairly satisfactorily, but when it came to palace intrigues and family quarrels he wasn't quite man enough.

His favorite wife, the mother of his third son, jealous of her waning power, engineered a conspiracy with her son, which ended with the old amir getting the poisoned coffee handed to him. A brother of the old amir started to take a hand then, but the third son grabbed the capital,

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Kabul, captured the army and the treasury and throwing the uncle and one of his own brothers into prison, declared himself amir. This happened in February, 1919, and is interesting only as it gives a sidelight on the adventure of politics in Afghan.

The young amir profited by all the anti-British sentiment and believing that the revolt in India was certain, started a little private war of his own against the British. Our Khyber Pass, highly amused, was the scene.

The British were not worried by the amir's stage army, but they were worried over what the four hundred thousand armed Moslem tribesmen of this Northwest Frontier would do if the thing was put on a religious basis and a Holy War declared. So a peace was hurried up; money was passed and a settlement patched up.

But the four hundred thousand tribesmen, with their fighting religion, still squat in the doorway of their tiny walled villages or, slipping out into the sunshine, take pot shots at British Tommies from behind friendly boulders. As long as Britain remains in India these tribesmen will be a growing menace. They are a strange breed and they bring strange men into the world.

This night as I sat with the British official one of his Moslem soldiers came into the office and announced that a boy was outside and wanted to see him. The Englishman ordered him to be ad-

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mitted and suggested that I wait and see what it was all about.

In a minute or two a little fellow of about seven or eight years stepped into the room and without the degrading subservience one sees throughout all Hindu districts, boldly stepped forward and without the slightest embarrassment walked to the official's desk.

"Did you send for me, sir?" he asked directly.

"Yes. Your father was an Indian soldier and died in service. I have five hundred rupees that the great British Government has sent me to give to you, his only son, as reward for his service. Do you want this money now?"

The boy hesitated. He had walked a dozen miles along the mountain trails in answer to this summons from the great white official. It was probably the first time he had ever been that far away from his tiny village with its mud wall and its adobe tower, where every one gathered at night for defense against a possible raid from some enemy village.

He'd never seen a picture-show—he didn't know there was such a thing. Life was very real and very hard for him, and often very bitter. The civilization that was molding him was a civilization of thousands of years ago—and one of bleak hills and biting days. It was a poor civilization compared to our own electric-heated, self-starter, rubber-tired civilization.

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"Shall I keep the money for you or do you want me to give it to you now?" the wise and kindly official asked again.

"You keep it for me," this seven-year-old hill-boy finally replied. "If you give it to me either my relatives will steal it, or my mother will take it from me and spend it on her new husband. You keep it for me and some day when I am a man I will buy a rifle with it."

I smiled when I thought of the candy and the red balloons and toy street-cars my own little boy would have demanded, had he, of the rubber-tired age, been offered money. Then a lump came into my throat when I thought of this splendid half-man going back on foot to his filthy mud village to dream there of the day when he would be old enough to go again to the white official and get his money and buy a contraband rifle and settle some ancient family quarrel—or a new quarrel of race and country and religion a million times greater.

I wondered which quarrel this boy of seven would be busy with at seventeen.

CHAPTER III

YOUNG CHINA

I HOLD that it is something to discover that an ancient race is really young and virile after all, and that a nation that had been thought backward, decadent and inferior has greatness and majesty and humanness.

This, to me, is China—Young China—New China. And this that follows is the story of the tremendous revolution, the great renaissance, the awakening of the millions of common Chinese from the sleep and superstitions of centuries.

Four hundred million of them there are. That's four times as many people as we have in America—and a good deal more than the total population of all Europe, excluding Russia—and within one hundred and fifty million of the white population of the entire world.

Theirs is the oldest civilization; they are the greatest propagandists; they are the most successful colonizers; they are the most industrious of the nations; they are the master egoists; they have the greatest power of resistance—and they are the champion smilers.

Down in the Shanghai country I saw a Chinese

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version of our own *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The man who transported it across the Pacific was not bound down by any of the ordinary ethics of authorship. The colored folks were kept intact and played by Chinese actors without burnt cork, but Simon Legree was none other than Yaman-iato Nakagawa, a Japanese slave driver imported direct from the rice paddies.

This was where the plot thickened. Yaman-iato, the Simon Legree of the piece, gave old Chinese Uncle Tom a terrible whaling and then practised on the other slaves. The audience, busy with munching their watermelon seeds, didn't mind it the least until they discovered that these coolies were getting just what they deserved for permitting the Japanese to come into their country and bully them. Then they howled in good Chinese: "Kill him! Throw him out!"

The Japanese menace had hit home. It was evident that the only thing to do was for all China to go on an anti-Japanese strike and force the little tan cousins to go back to their island.

Propaganda, of course! I mentioned above that China was the greatest propagandist in the world. Consider what she has done to the visitors living within her borders.

There are some forty thousand or fifty thousand foreigners residing in China and every one of them stands ready to make any sacrifice to the end that China may be preserved from the ambi-

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tions of Japan. Let an innocent traveler show the slightest sympathy for Japan's point of view and the wrath of the gods falls on his head. A hundred resident foreigners take his comment as a personal affront. Long before he passes half-way through the treaty ports he's either been branded "N. G." by his own countrymen or else he's been converted into a Chinese booster, and has joined the long list of volunteers who stand ready at any moment to give their lives for China against Japan.

Nothing wrong with that only the Chinese themselves are far too philosophic to worry themselves sick over such a question as Japanese intrusion when everything is going to come out all right in the end. Simply outwait them—or play one against the other or let the thing drag. Why rush out and get shot up? Smile your way through—and let the other fellow stop the bullets.

After all, he is a tremendously human and interesting and wise fellow, this smiling Chinese. There's an old saying that a smile will take you further in China than anywhere else in the world. I believe it—and a smile takes the Chinese further, too. It has taken them ten thousand years down the long trail and will take them another ten thousand.

But our friend One Lung not only smiles but he works. He is industrious beyond belief. He works harder and longer and more consistently

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and for less pay than any one else in the world. Many of us think of the Japanese as being master toilers: they would starve in China. Incidentally, Japan has her own exclusion law against Chinese, and during the World War when a Japanese mine owner imported some twenty-seven thousand Chinese laborers the Japanese Government turned them around and waltzed them right back to the continent.

And they really are the greatest egoists in the world. Certainly three hundred and ninety-nine million out of the four hundred million consider their culture and civilization with its five thousand years of history as the beginning and end of all things. A Chinese houseboy *knows* he is superior in every way to the foreigner whom he serves. The houseboy can cheat him and not be found out; he can loaf on the job and not be fired; he can divide up among four Chinese men the house work that one servant could easily do. And the same idea goes right on up through the different social classes.

What I'm trying to say is that fundamentally China believes in herself. Way down deep in the heart of the Chinese people there is no great fear regarding Japan or any one else. They do, of course, fear for the immediate future, but basically and fundamentally they believe themselves vastly superior to any race.

I took a ten-day journey with a high Chinese

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railroad official. This man held two degrees from American universities and he was about as thoroughly Americanized as any Oriental ever becomes—which is about ten per cent.

We talked and we sparred and we played poker with words and finally the last day we were together I told him it was my opinion that China would have to help herself, that nobody was going to do much for her. It was all right to ask for advice, and good will, and all that sort of thing, but in the end she would have to take care of her Japanese menace herself.

“Well,” he said slowly after a pause, “we are not worrying so much about Japan as you may think. Of course things are very discouraging now, but we are awakening the consciousness of China and for the first time instilling an idea of nationalism and patriotism into our common people—and we are doing it through preaching Japanese hatred. We’ll get along all right. It may take us fifty or a hundred or possibly several hundred years, but in the end our superiority will tell and our civilization will dominate theirs.”

That’s China! Here is Japan bribing government officials, shoving her wishes down Chinese throats with bayonets, but deep in their celestial hearts not one drop of real fear. The corrupted Peking officials who would sell China to the highest bidder and who may at this very moment be taking their orders from the Japanese minister,

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believe Japanese domination is only a temporary affair.

Maybe they are right. China understands the expensive lesson that Germany has been taught—while Japan has only begun to learn it. And China knows that if she waits long enough she can outwait even Japan. She believes that the whirligig of time may bring forth some champion who will fight her battles for her, perchance unconsciously, just as the Allies fought her battles against Germany. In her five thousand years she's seen young champions by the score—Greece, Rome, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Germany, all of them in turn—conquer and dominate for a while and then go down. And while others have been fighting and struggling she has quietly and peacefully penetrated all of Eastern Asia.

No colonizer in the world compares with her. Her people are slipping into Siberia by the thousands; at first they are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—then they become the small retailers—then the wholesalers—then the big merchants. Everywhere throughout Eastern Asia and in many of the islands of the sea it has come about in this way—the world fights while China trades and colonizes and propagates.

They work like a great family of ants attacking a sleeping enemy; slowly, methodically, endlessly they creep over their victim. Nothing daunts them—nothing can stop them. They're

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a superior race. They're the only race in the history of the world that has ever completely absorbed the Jews. It's a clean record.

Some two thousand years ago there was a large Jewish colony in China. To-day every trace of it is gone. Great China slowly, patiently digested it.

Patience—probably that describes China better than any other single word. It's the keynote to their home life, their national life and the very pass word to their foreign policies—patience and a certain deep-rooted sense of justice and a knowledge that things that are not settled rightly are never really settled.

For fifty centuries these two things—patience and justice—and the power of “face” have run China. Chinese “face”—class, or standing or the respect of your fellow man—is the strangest moral code in the world and one of the most effective. China has never had written laws as we understand them. In many ways her communities have been the only examples in the world of pure anarchial states. They've simply run themselves. The central government has let the provinces go ahead unheeded as long as the provincial governors have “come across” regularly with the taxes. The governors, in turn, haven't bothered the district magistrates so long as they passed the tribute on up; and the district magistrates have never interfered with the peo-

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ple at all so long as they stood quietly while the taxes were tied on them. It's all amounted to the simple formula of the people saying, "You leave us alone and we'll pay you taxes," while the rulers have echoed back, "You pay taxes and we'll leave you alone."

And within the individual communities the great moral law that's kept them going peacefully and securely has been the law of "face." Confucius taught an inverted Golden Rule that said, "Do not do to others what you would not have them do to you," and the unwritten code tacked on to this "or you'll lose face."

A foreigner's banking partner would hesitate to indulge himself in too sharp a deal because if he were found out he would lose "face" among his fellows. A foreigner's houseboy doesn't dare knock down beyond his ten per cent., because if he is caught and discharged he'd lose a great deal of "face" among other houseboys. A rich man must treat wife No. 2 according to custom or he loses "face" tremendously.

China, by and large, is run on "face," and it works out vastly better than it sounds, for, fundamentally, the Chinese are an honest and upright people. They look you straight in the eye—and while they don't tell you to go to blazes they do smile straight at you. They're superior—they're not the downtrodden, worthless, spineless people the story-books say they are. They

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couldn't have lived and resisted pressure as they have had there not been something fine and great and distinctly superior about them.

A young American missionary named Jimmy Hunter, who used to be champion quarter miler of the University of Illinois, took me for a week's trip into the district to the north of Peking to study the common country folk. All one needs to do is to go five miles away from the railway or from a treaty city to drop back five thousand years into the very center of ancient China.

We had a springless Peking cart drawn by a shaggy Mongolian pony, and we split our time between sitting on the shaft of the cart and riding on our two undersized donkeys. It was in the very early spring; the snow had gone but April's green brush had not yet painted out the winter's brown.

We had nowhere particular to go and nothing particular to see. We just jogged our way through deep-rutted mud roads from one old walled village to another. At night we would stop in the village inn and after our supper wander on "down-town" and into the grocery store for an hour's gossip.

Dried peppers and rows of onions and knick-knacks hung from the low ceiling. Usually there was a counter and behind it, next the wall, open bins for sugar and rice and ground wheat and spices. Most of the purchases were for a penny

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or twos' worth of stuff—China is very poor and the margin of existence is a pathetically narrow one. The store was the village club and all the old fellows with their thick skirts and padded short jackets wandered on down-town just as they do everywhere else in the world.

It was like being back home. The loafer, the joker, the alarmist, the skinflint and the village drunkard, were all taken right out of the picture from the General Store in the little old home town. You could pick them out as soon as they came in.

I think I enjoyed those hours sitting around on a home-made chair propped against the wall talking through a sympathetic interpreter to common China, as much as I have enjoyed any hours in my life. We talked about crops and they told me that most of the farmers around there—they all live in the villages and go out to their bits of ground to work—owned on an average of two acres each and rented an acre or two more from old Chang Tong, and that they had to give half they raised as rent.

Crops had been poor that year, they went on. Some parts of China had suffered from famine and thousands had died. Coolies somewhere about were always dying, but that couldn't be helped.

They weren't worrying much about the Japanese out here in those villages; all they wanted

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was to be left to run their own affairs as they had been doing for five or ten thousand years. Some of the young men of the villages attended Peking schools and when they came back during their vacations they told how terrible the Japanese were and said that the Chinese must not buy or use anything the Japanese made. If they couldn't find what they needed in Chinese made goods, then they should buy American goods. America was good to them in a hundred ways, they said: America gave them schools and universities and doctors and hospitals and new ideas of government and new national ideals.

It was the West but particularly America creeping in slowly but surely. And China needs America. That was the one great discovery I made in this little invasion of common China—that and the fact that these were ordinary human beings who suffered from ordinary ills and dreamed ordinary dreams and wanted to get ahead so that their sons and their families could have a little better place in the community.

They needed our high standards of living and our squarer dealing in the treatment of women, and a little of the brotherhood of all men that Christ taught. They needed to be shown that the scale of living and the ethics of living of the best of America would make them happier and better.

They needed new ideas of sanitation and health

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and education and modern agricultural methods. They needed complete modernization of their practical affairs.

"What's worrying me," Jimmy Hunter said one morning as we passed a dozen "razor-backs" that were half head and half legs, "is how I can improve the swine in this part of the country. These pigs are nothing but bone and bristle—what they need is some good American stock crossed with theirs."

It was the new type of American missionary in China talking. There's a saying over here now that it's harder to be sent to China as a missionary than to get into the United States Consular Service. I don't vouch for that but I do vouch for the statement that the new missionary is not worrying so much about propagating religion as he is about disseminating ideas of clean living and sanitation and independence and patriotism among young Chinese.

No foreign influence so far has more than scratched China. The country is so large and so old and its superstitions are so ancient and its customs so deep rooted that for China to change would be almost like Nature altering her features. In the home life the man is still the one master and lord. The woman's place is distinctly a secondary one. Her great task is to bear male children who will worship the memory of their father. If a woman fails to bear children then the master

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can either get himself Wife No. 2 or divorce No. 1, and marry again. And marriages, incidentally, are always performed in the home of the bridegroom;—again the men show their superior place.

Very, very slowly some of these customs are changing—and the American missionaries have had more to do with these changes than all the other foreign influences in China put together. Civilizations that have existed for hundreds and thousands of years necessarily have developed tremendous powers of resistance, and they resist good innovations the same as evil ones. This old civilization of China, I repeat, has hardly been scratched.

Take, for instance, the Province of Shantung that the Germans had marked off for their own until the Japanese took it as their share of the spoils of the War. There are thirty million Chinese in this one province and I suppose altogether possibly three thousand Japanese. A German-built railroad runs from the German-built city of Tsingtau on the coast, back to Tsinanfu, the capital. It is a scratch on the surface of Shantung.

The thirty million go peacefully ahead, planting their wheat and weaving their hair nets. To the millions of farmers in their thousands of hidden villages it doesn't matter a great deal whether the Germans, the Japanese or Fiji Islanders own and operate that scratch of steel across Shantung.

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The days I was there the anti-Japanese boycott was booming and China was not using the railroad. Merchants were having their goods shipped by the wheel-barrow route instead of by the railroads. Day and night the road paralleling the railway track echoed with the ceaseless squeak of the high, single-wheeled barrows teaching Japan that it was better business to treat China fairly. Coolies walked the dusty miles between stations rather than contribute copper pennies to the hated Japanese. These were the coolies of the cities,—those of the country hardly knew there was such a thing as a railroad.

The very oppression and domination by Japan, it seemed to me, were doing something that nothing else could do,—they were tending to awaken China to the necessity of unity and patriotism and modernization. The boycott was shaking China from her lethargy.

Even these sleepy, lost villages were beginning to feel it a little. It was getting into the army, too.

I smile when I think about this wonderful army of China. Chinese soldiers will give you a laugh twenty-four hours a day—there are one million three hundred thousand of them and that's one million three hundred thousand laughs.

Troops, according to China, are for stage purposes and not for real fighting. Judged by the number of soldiers under arms, China this minute

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is one of the greatest military nations in the world—but she isn't to be taken seriously, except locally. And locally she is anything but the pacifist country she's cracked up to be. Her government is a purely militaristic one; her armies cost her sixty-five per cent. of her total income. That's double what she spends for all other state purposes put together—except interest on the national debt—and six times what the whole country spends on public education. Incidentally she is spending at present more than twice as much on her soldiers as she spent in the fine old militaristic days of the Manchu dynasty, twelve or thirteen years ago.

These humorous, padded soldiers, who declare armistice for tea, have been one of the great curses of China. To appreciate what they've meant we must go back to the formation of the republic. The government then under the Manchus was strongly centralized as regards military power. With the revolution Yuan Shi-Kai, the first regular president, dreaming of another monarchical dynasty, set about to build up a great personal national army. For this purpose he used up a reorganization loan and shouldered on the Peking Government a big army.

With his death the army broke up into many parts and the day of the powerful military governor, who was a law unto himself, came. The Peking Government had no great army of its own

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and lived only through the shifting balance of military power that kept its officials in office. This was the condition when America entered the World War.

Most of the Chinese at this time were fairly apathetic about the war. They were not violently pro-anything. During the spring and summer of 1917 when it seemed quite reasonable that the Germans might win the war or at least tie it, there were a good many Chinese who were very friendly toward the Germans. They reasoned that the Germans might win and if they did it was not at all improbable that Japan might make a new alliance with Germany and Russia. China could not afford to be against any such combination.

Then many of the Chinese felt that if China entered the war it would be to help England—and they were strongly anti-English. Besides, the German merchant and commercial man here had treated the Chinese carefully and as an equal and many Chinese liked them personally.

America brought China into the war. Liberal China, which has always been friendly with America, wanted to be with us—and the militarists saw a chance to get the great national army they had dreamed of. So China was swung into the war on August 14, 1917. Before this Japan had bought a hold on the military politicians of Peking and the then premier, Marshal Tuan Chi-

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Jui, leader of the Anfu-Club, had dissolved Parliament, opening afresh the old struggle between the North and the South.

The result of all this was that China, officially in the war, borrowed money and raised a special national army of some four hundred thousand. The patriotic men of the government wanted this army sent to France so that it would give China an advantageous position at the peace table; but the ambitious military politicians wanted the army only to hold their own power. America refused to lend them money to build up this fighting force, so they turned to Japan. In the forty-eight months preceding September, 1918, fifty-one loans, totaling three hundred million dollars, were made by Japan.

Most of this money went for military purposes and resulted in the formation of a great northern army that has been more or less under the direct influence of Japanese military officers. This army kept the corrupt and inefficient Peking officials in power and drew tighter the stranglehold that Japan had on the Chinese Government. It kept the four hundred million people of China under the heel of the Peking militarists and the different military governors, and in turn held these military politicians under the spell of Japan.

China to-day is really less of a republic than Japan is—and Japan to-day is hardly more than

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an echo of the Germany of Bismarck. The government instead of being a responsible democracy is nothing short of a military autocracy—or rather a collection of military autocracies. It is uncontrollably decentralized to the extent that the real power rests in some twenty *tu-chuns* or military governors of provinces, each of whom has his own army and belongs to some clique of fellow *tu-chuns* that controls combinations of different *tu-chuns*. And they have one million three hundred thousand of these non-fighting soldiers of theirs, drawing six silver dollars a month, which they mostly don't get, and living off the fat and lean of the land by streaks.

Most of all this is a pessimistic picture for a nation that some day is going to take its rightful place among the great nations of to-morrow. But China is going to win because to-day China is reeking with revolutions: every kind that the world has ever known, except a fighting revolution, is going on there this very second. As fast as she can she is tearing down the great walls of tradition and ignorance and stupidity and letting in the winds of truth and hope and justice from the West. And just as fast as she can she is unloosening the foot-binding that has bound her to an outworn past with all its stupid cruelties.

In the spring of 1920, the first five girl students were permitted to enroll in the Government Uni-

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versity in Peking. It is not an item that would "make" the front page of very many American dailies, but it is one of far more real significance that ninety-nine out of a hundred first-page stories. It was a harbinger of the emancipation of Chinese women. Here were Chinese girls fighting their way before the public gaze as the full equals of men.

Woman's place around the home is still a submerged one, but the woman's revolution is not going to be denied. Our mission teachers and preachers have a tremendous amount to do with this and in thousands of homes scattered about great China the emancipation of the women is as real a thing as the physical unbinding of their tortured feet. It is a part of the great moral revolution that is sweeping over the country and will change all the stupid, cruel customs just as the commercial revolution is changing old style business methods of China and unloosening a great tide of industrial awakening.

But the greatest revolution of them all is the one that centers around the student movement. Here is the heart and head and hope of Young China. It would take a book to tell about this great movement and the tremendous influence it has already had on the life and future of these gentle, smiling, backward four hundred millions.

It is the biggest thing that has ever happened to China. No concrete movement and no single

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action has ever had the instantaneous effect that this great student mass movement has had. This can be partly accounted for on account of the unique position that the student occupies and has always occupied in the consideration of common China. For thousands of years she has picked all her officials by competitive examination from among her students and this quite naturally has placed the student body in a singular place of respect and admiration by the great unlettered masses.

To get the full story of the Chinese student movement we must go back to May 3, 1919. This was in the days of the Paris Peace Conference, when Doctor C. T. Wang and Wellington Koo of the Chinese delegation were putting up their brave and losing fight against the rape of Shantung by the Japanese.

There was a little too much publicity about the whole Shantung proposition to suit the Japanese delegation so cables were passed and orders given, and shortly the Japanese minister at Peking brought pressure to bear on the Chinese Government for the recall of Wang and Koo from the Paris delegation.

The word of this protest spread like wildfire through the mysterious underground news channels that are everywhere in the East, and on the fourth day of May a great mass meeting of the students of Peking was called openly to protest

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against this interference. Several thousand students gathered that night and the tiny flame of patriotism suddenly blazed forth in a great fire of spirit that swept all over China.

Instantly it was out of hand: before that first night was over the infuriated students attacked and tore down the home of Tsao Ju-ling, Chinese Minister of Finance and Communications, and credited with being the guiding spirit and paid agent of Japan's intrigues in Peking, and at the same time they assaulted Chang Chung Hsiang, Chinese Minister to Japan, and sent him to the hospital with severe injuries.

That night thirty-two students were arrested and thrown into jail. The next day a general strike of the students was ordered: they would refrain from attending classes until these national wrongs were righted.

This same day the president of China dismissed the chancellor of the University and issued a mandate forbidding student meetings. On May 20th the Peking Students' Union was formally organized and on May 24th, a general strike of all the students in the city was ordered.

The campaign was well thought out and carefully executed. On June 3rd the ten thousand student agitators filtered into every corner of Peking and preached boycott and revolution. By nightfall three thousand were arrested and the halls of Peking University turned into a prison.

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The following day the students who were still free were again sent out to spread the truth about the Peking Government and explain how China was being sold out to the Japanese. That day thousands more were arrested.

So far the great movement was limited to Peking. After this second day of general student arrest, however, Shanghai came to the rescue. Aroused by the students there, the merchants and common people of the international settlement and the native city went on a ten-day strike of protest, and not a wheel turned. Even the beggars struck.

The government turned pale, and, shaking with fear, weakened before this tremendous demand of public opinion.

The famous Twenty-one Demands that Japan forced China to agree to in 1915, coupled with all the aggressions of Japan before and after, brought on the boycott that these hundreds of thousands of students so gallantly championed and propagandized. Millions of Chinese villagers and coolies who knew Japan only as a name were swung into the most intense, bitter hate against her. In Shantung, as I have already described, hundreds of thousands of Chinese walked or rode on squeaky high-wheeled barrows, rather than pay one cent of tariff to the railroad that Japan had grabbed. Yangtsi River steamers flying Japanese flags plied up and down the river empty

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—in five months during the latter part of 1919, their average cargo dropped from one hundred and fifty-four tons a trip to less than five tons, and they carried practically no passengers at all. During the year that the boycott was pushed Japan's loss was fully forty per cent. of her gross trade with China and in certain sections the decrease was probably ninety per cent.

The students had furnished the match for all of this, but it was the small merchants of China who supplied the fuel that kept the boycott afire. These merchants with money and business to lose proved that China did have a certain patriotism and a tremendous weapon of resistance. They showed to the world that there are other effective weapons of warfare besides poison gas and machine-guns.

Slowly the fire of the boycott has died down, but it is still glowing and at any moment may flare up again. And it has taught tremendous lessons to Japan. It has proved that an unfriendly market is a poor market—and this knowledge has had not a little to do with the battle now going on in Japan between the military and the commercial interests.

Almost a year to a day after the birth of the great student movement the students again attempted a nation-wide protesting strike. This attempt failed to gain all its ends, but it is a failure that has no particular significance because

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the student movement is going forward with ever-increasing momentum.

Slowly the revolt is broadening and outgrowing its original conception of a flaming political protest against the stupid unpatriotic actions of Peking officials in their dealings with aggressive Japan. To-day it is dreaming of the reformation of China—of breaking down the old walls of ignorance and poverty and traditions that hide China from the modern world. It is dreaming of educating China's four hundred million common people and making them responsible citizens with new codes of living.

The student leaders are still willing to carry on their fight against the inefficient, unpatriotic Government of Peking and against Japan with the boycott or any other weapon possible, but it is the broader vision of their great task that is inspiring them at present. This vision divides itself into two channels: one of social service and the other of a cultural reformation. They are both new to China.

In the line of social service these student organizations are doing wonderful things. They have established scores of free night primary schools for poor children and factory workers and they are giving their own precious time as teachers. They are going into the villages and cities during their vacations and hours off and preaching ideas of sanitation and health and right liv-

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ing. They are actually, physically reaching down and pulling China out of the past.

In their dream of cultural reformation they vision a breaking of all the old traditions and customs that bind China to so much that is unworthy in her old civilization. The "literary revolution" is a big part of this. Started before the present student movement in an attempt to make the spoken language the written language in place of the old difficult and scholarly literary language, the literary revolt has been given force by the students. To-day more than three hundred little student publications are being printed in the style of the spoken language—a year ago there were only three liberal papers. The work is going ahead to do away with the thousands of Chinese characters and substitute a phonetic alphabet of thirty-nine letters as against our own of twenty-six.

All in all it is a wholly new China for which these students are making sacrifices; a China where public opinion will have a place; a China of good citizens with a good government; a China of unbound feet and emancipated women; a China of revolutions; and a China that some day will have no fear of Japan and will be able to take her place in the family of nations as the great peace lover of the world.

The West must recognize all this and change her whole view-point regarding China. England

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and France and Russia and Germany and Italy must completely revise all their ideas about this great land of the East.

For a hundred years Europe has bullied and abused China, just as she has bullied and abused India, just as she has bullied and abused the half-billion other black, brown and yellow men of the East and Near East. And China, like the rest of the dominated races of the world, is getting tired of it all. Only America has treated her fairly. Following the Boxer uprising of 1900 America was the one country that turned back to China the huge indemnities exacted. (For four years the foreign diplomatic ministers in Peking compelled the poor bankrupt country to pay the annual Boxer indemnity to the powerless ex-Russian legation, which is a hold-over of the old Romanoff days and represents no one.)

China has been fought over and quarreled over and split up into spheres of influence for a full century. Fortunately for the West, she is at this moment more anti-Japanese than she is anti-anything else. But the West must not forget that the Chinese are yellow men and have a great bond of color to link them with the yellow men of Japan.

They know the history of the white invasion of China, they know of the British Opium War, and the grab for ports and the fights for concessions and the haggling and bullying and brow-beating

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by European diplomats and business concerns.
They are tired of it.

China is at the cross-roads, and America is the one great nation that she trusts and loves. We can show her the right road,—the trail that will help her develop herself, help her teach herself, help her protect herself, and yet keep her the peace-loving, gentle, kindly, smiling country that she is.

CHAPTER IV

KAGAWA OF KOBE—THE STORY OF THE NEW JAPAN

THE STORY of the unrest of Japan differs fundamentally from that of India and Egypt because here in Japan a most violent nationalism is already burning. The growing restlessness is expressed not against outsiders but against social conditions and the government itself.

As the one country of the Old World that has withstood the encroachments of the white man, Japan for more than a decade has held a unique place. Since the defeat of the Russians at Port Arthur in 1904 she has been in a position for real eastern leadership. But she has recklessly squandered this in a wild debauch of ambitious imperialism.

To-day the millions of China hate and fear Japan infinitely more intensely and bitterly than they despise the western nations. The seventeen million of Korea look upon her as a brutal conqueror. The millions of India have no faith in her quality of leadership and scoff at her shoddy tricks of trade: at the Indian National Congress held in October, 1921, a motion condemning Japan for her treaty association with England

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was passed by a large majority. And Indian merchants, deceived by cheap Japanese goods, have turned against everything that is Japanese.

Japan's own ambitions—her imperialism and her dreams of conquest—would in time wreck themselves against the overwhelming numbers of the East, but there is something that keeps this from being necessary—New Japan itself. Kagawa of Kobe represents this New Japan—liberal, daring, hopeful, fine.

Something about this man Kagawa of Kobe, makes me think of Mahatma Gandhi. Possibly it is because both are thin, emaciated, almost pitiful figures kept going by the blazing fire of their spirit.

I suppose it is in this last—this spiritual fire—that lies the strongest resemblance. I'm sure their hearts beat the same tune.

In India they call Gandhi, Saint Gandhi—and I'm certain that if these poor submerged outcasts of Kobe's underworld and the striving, half educated workers of the great shipyards and factories could make Japanese saints they'd turn their Kagawa into one.

I first heard of him at a thrilling labor meeting in Tokyo. A cordon of police stretched from the street to the entrance and once inside the assembly hall they lined the walls and strung like long arms down the aisles.

Probably five hundred men were at this labor

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meeting and certainly no less than seventy-five policemen—who listened open mouthed to the speakers' magic plea for liberty and more rice while they preserved the majesty of worn-out laws.

A liberal sprinkling of blue-capped students gave a tone to the crowd. For the most part the men were skilled workmen and petty clerks, with groups of students, but here and there you caught sight of the lettered jacket of some coolie—a coolie who only yesterday was a serf and to-day is fettered to a submerged class.

A young boy in the uniform of a Tokyo mail carrier was the first to open the mouths of those undersized cops: "I work long hours and yet I must live in a cold unlighted room, and I am hungry, and ninety per cent. of the men who work with me want what I do—a real democracy and real freedom and real living wages." And the police, thinking of their own half-filled rice bowls—the average wage of the Japanese policeman is something like ten dollars a month—forgot their majestic pose and became but striving hungry humans.

But a minute later when a square-jawed coal miner from the striking districts began to tell how gendarmes and soldiers were beating up the miners in their camps a police captain loaded down with a half-ton of gold braid blew a whistle and the fight was on. It was a neat battle for a

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few moments and then while the crowd jeered, the officers carried out two men feet first.

So it went for an hour. Once there was a fairly general fight. That time I stood on my chair and almost cheered. It was good for your soul just to look on. The miracle had happened—the Japanese worm was turning.

After this last “battle royal” I hummed my way out of the building. I was too happy to want to stay and face the prospect of having it all spoiled. Young Japan, it was clear now, was coming strong; let common ordinary folk really start fighting and dying for what they want and nothing can stop them. These common Japanese folk were no longer completely crushed by the threat of the emperor’s gendarmes. They had crawled out from under the iron heels.

This night a young student who was earning his way through college by working half time as a translator in one of the newspaper offices acted as my interpreter. He was eighteen and a proud and almost haughty Socialist—and chuck full of fight. He told me that he had turned naturally to Socialism on account of the injustices and social wrongs of Old Japan.

“Are there many Socialists among the students?” I asked.

“Not many are Socialists, but most of the students are against the present government,” he answered. “They all want Japan to become a

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free democratic country. We are sick and tired of being ruled by the military party. And we are against Japan's imperialistic ambitions."

"How about Japan's actions in China and Siberia?"

"We are all for the Chinese students, and our student organizations are in close touch with theirs. Of course we have always been against our government's policy in Siberia. We are fighting every move of our militarists. We are going to fight them until either they are killed or we are killed."

I was glad to get him away from that strike meeting at the Y. M. C. A. My boy Socialist was too full of fight to be loose where the smoke of battle was so heavy and the fighting was so good. Then, too, he wanted to talk to me about his Young Japan—about how it had and would fight against the Old Japan. He said that Kobe and Osaka, where they had had the great rice riots and the big steel strikes, were the places to study New Japan—and that Kagawa of Kobe was the man to tell me about it. So I went and sat at the feet of this "Saint of New Japan."

Around Kobe they call him the Sensei of Shinkawa—the teacher of the slums of Shinkawa. His real name is Toyakiko Kagawa and since his graduation from Princeton, a few years ago, he has been giving his time to bringing a little touch of hope to the outcasts of Kobe and a little light

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to the bewildered laborers of the great Osaka and Kobe mills. He had secretly formed the Federation of Labor of Western Japan, and it was his genius that had dreamed the idea of the great “Go Slow” strike.

I wish you could see these slums of his; tiny crooked alleys, less than four feet wide, banked on both sides with narrow, wooden dog kennels, six by eight feet square and probably five feet high. Here twenty thousand outcasts live like homeless dogs; each human kennel crowded with squalling, quarreling creatures of filth and vermin, rotting with crime and tuberculosis and disease. Outcasts of all kinds—whites, blacks, Eurasians, Chinese—dregs of an old, old East. God! what a sore on the earth!

Crowding the doorways and filling the winding alley paths are hundreds of poor outcast children in filthy rags, whose eyes light up with happiness when they see Kagawa, this teacher of kindness, approach. For him it is always a triumphal march; shrill little voices herald his coming, while thin, hungry, half-clad little bodies scramble to hold his hand or even to touch his kimono. No Pied Piper ever had a more willing, joyful train.

You follow him with real tears in your eyes—this teacher of Shinkawa—wan and undersized, smiling with warm brown eyes, preaching God; a young savior, walking among outcasts, murderers and broken lives of the lower depths, preaching a living, breathing Christianity.

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That first night I met him we wandered about these forbidden streets for an hour, and then he led the way to the blackened two-story mission house where he holds his little school, gives out his free medicines, and brings God to these God-forgotten people. I took off my shoes at the door, and in my stocking feet walked up the stairs and into the matted and immaculate study. For hours we talked of "Dangerous Thoughts," and Kagawa told me the thrilling story of how Young Japan is opening her eyes, and seeing visions, and daring real democracy.

"Dangerous Thoughts," the government here calls them. America would call them "Inspiring Thoughts," "Glorious Thoughts," "Winning Thoughts," because they are all about the hope of a people struggling up to the light. And that's the greatest gripping romance in the world—not the struggle and fight and dreams of individuals, but of millions opening their eyes for the first time, stretching themselves and realizing the power of their strength.

It has been some time since the famous rice riots broke out in Kobe and spread over Japan, but they are well worth reviewing now because they prove this theory that the common people of Japan are not afraid to fight against the Old Order and the Things That Were—and that includes imperialism and militarism in whatever disguise they may wear.

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The Great War brought Japan the commercial chances that she had long been dreaming of. Suddenly like the swing of a door all the markets in the Far East were magically opened to her. England and Germany and France, which for years had controlled the business of the Orient, were overnight removed from competition. Alone with America, Japan profited from the disasters of the others' war. Her shipping interests paid for their vessels in a single voyage; cotton mills declared one hundred per cent. dividends and gave away the rest of their profits in one form or another; a brand-new crop of millionaires sprang up like mushrooms after a spring rain—despised *narikins* who, lying back in pink upholstered foreign limousines, honk-honked the common millions out of the narrow streets. And with every new *narikin* rice rose another notch.

Then one September day a great mob gathered as if brought together by some magic magnet, and in the evening, moved by the same compelling force, swept along to the office of the biggest rice dealer in Kobe. Suddenly a young man with chest bared to his waist leaped to the stone steps and waving an old Samuria sword, dramatically led the crowd of angry hungry workmen to destory the building. That was a real night in Japan. For forty-eight hours mobs roamed the streets of Kobe raiding rice shops—while the police, hungry, too, on their starvation

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salaries, looked on with a poor imitation of preserving order.

The police would not and could not stop those September mobs and it was necessary to call out the soldiers. The soldiers did their work, but it was whispered in a hundred governmental conferences that the police were not always to be depended on in hunger riots and that some of the soldiers too had shown little enthusiasm against the mobs.

The government learned much from these rice riots. Before those mad days were over the riots had spread to two hundred and forty towns with a total damage of ten million dollars. Something had to be done to control this wild rush of anarchy. Instead of attempting to dam it the government wisely tried to direct it into sane channels. They winked at the formation of labor unions as the only safe outlet for the growing unrest.

Eleven years ago a group of Socialists had thrown a chill over governmental circles with an attempted radical move, but that was years before and easily solved. Twelve of the leaders were executed after a secret trial and another dozen sentenced to life imprisonment. But that was long before the word Bolshevism was even heard of. Times had changed and to-day they examine this word with fear and trembling.

Japan did not gradually, patiently grow into

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a modern industrial system—it was thrust upon her full bloomed. Her society thirty years ago was a feudal system, and nothing could have so rapidly disintegrated this system as the modern factory idea. Almost overnight it transformed men from peasants wading ankle deep in the muddy waters of the rice paddies to mechanics sweating before their lathes. It created in a day a brand-new wage class, drafted from the simple peasants and fishermen. In 1887 there were only one hundred thousand factory employees in Japan; thirty-four years later the number ran up to a million and a half.

The patriarchal system still endured even in these modern factories. The workmen were bound to their masters by old-fashioned ties of loyalty and a system of bonuses that were gifts handed down from above. The national laws prohibited the formation of trade unions, and strike leaders could be and were thrown into jail and heavily sentenced.

The war gave a tremendous boom to all Japan's industries and with this boom came all the undigested social, economic problems that always accompany too rapid expansion. Wages rose but the cost of living climbed twice as fast.

The rice riots were the immediate result. The next result was the formation of several near labor unions. For some time there had existed a very conservative union, the Yusiki (The

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Friendly Society of Japan) under the intense leadership of Bunji Suzuki, but this was too lukewarm and too pacific for the fighting Kagawa of Kobe. Immediately he set to work and brought to life a belligerent organization known as the Federation of Labor for West Japan.

In a few weeks he had five thousand members and had started his own *Laborer's News*—and he succeeded in doing it without being arrested. As a consequence every liberal labor man in Japan blinked his eyes and hustled right out to establish his own pet union. In Tokyo alone twenty-eight brand-new organizations were formed, ranging all the way from a Japanese I. W. W. to plain labor parties.

Now and then a strike broke out, but, poorly led and unorganized, it usually collapsed. If it occurred in some great concern it would probably include only one or two departments and its doom was prepared in advance. If larger and better led, its leaders were most probably tossed in jail and permitted to cool off in damp cells.

Almost a year to a day after the thrilling rice riots it was discovered that most of the sixteen thousand workmen in the great Kawasaki Dock-yards, in Kobe, where dreadnaughts, locomotives and everything to do with steel is made, were standing in front of their lathes and work-benches with folded arms or merely playing at work. Superintendents and managers tore their hair, but

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one thousand agitating members of the new Federation of Labor of West Japan, scattered about the great plant, talked "Go Slow"—and after two weeks of going slowly the officials called in a delegation and promised them what they wanted—an eight-hour day and an increase in pay. It was the strangest sabotage strike in history, and the strikers won. Not a man quit and not a man threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery. They simply slowed up—and they won an eight-hour day and an increase in pay that made their wages average from seventy-five cents to two dollars and seventy-five cents per day for skilled mechanics.

A slim little consumptive led this great strike—an almost pathetic figure who in more ways than one, resembles the simple, saint-like Gandhi of India. His name is Kagawa of Kobe. It takes wise and brave leaders to do this sort of thing—men as wise and brave as Kagawa. And it takes courageous workers to follow such leaders.

That was the start of the great Kobe labor movement. Within a year after this "Go-Slow" strike most of these Kawasaki workmen were organized in unions of one kind or another.

But this was not true of the eleven thousand workers in the Mitsubishi Shipyards. Here the management had been able to root out all agitators and keep their plant "clean" of organizers

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—less than ten per cent. of the men being organized in June, 1921. As direct result of lack of a fighting organization, hours, wages and working conditions were much worse at these yards than at the Kawasaki.

On June 28, 1921, the Kobe Federation of Labor held a meeting to see what could be done to establish firmly the position of labor in Kobe—to hold what had been gained and to plan for future organizing.

The following day the Electrical Department of the Kawasaki yards presented demands to the factory management, including recognition of the unions as negotiating bodies in wage or other disputes, a high allowance system in cases of discharge, and the establishment of a factory committee system of work committees selected by the workmen.

At about the same time the workers of a branch at the Mitsubishi presented demands for the right to organize unions, the recognition of such unions as negotiating bodies, an increase of wages, the introduction of an eight-hour day and a “discharge allowance” system.

After parleys lasting a week the sixteen committeemen from the Electrical Department of the Kawasaki yards were dismissed with liberal “discharge allowances”—but the sixteen refused to be fired. There were fights and riots at the yard-gates that resulted in a general decision of the

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men to quit work. Much the same thing happened at the Mitsubishi plant.

On the following day, July 8th, the workers from both shipyards, to the number of some twenty-five thousand, paraded the principal streets of Kobe. The next day, Sunday, a second and even larger demonstration took place. The procession stretched for miles and miles, a great line of red flags, red union banners and white banners inscribed with strike slogans.

The next day the workers reported to the plant in the Kawasaki yards but there was no work done. The company directors steadily refused to discuss matters with the workers owing, they claimed, to the absence of the president of the company in Europe.

Things apparently were at a draw—when into the consciousness of the workers was planted the idea of taking over control of the shops. It was radical—it was pure Russian! And it proved that Japan's labor leaders were in close touch with the reddest red thought of Europe.

A proclamation was passed out to all the workers that read as follows:

"The Kawasaki Industrial Committee assumes control of the operations of the various workshops from date. We, as representatives of over 17,000 workers at the head and branch factories of the Kawasaki Shipbuilding Yard, presented to the management of the company demands con-

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sisting of seven counts, including the introduction of the factory committee system. To these demands Messrs. Nagatome and Yamamoto, directors of the company, refused to give a satisfactory answer, on the plea of the absence of the president.

"We have never been prompted by a desire to put the industry of Japan in jeopardy. What we desire is that the company should recognize our personality and help in rendering our lives less difficult. If, however, we continue to strike as a counter-measure against the arrogant and insincere attitude which has been hitherto assumed by the company, it will only end in paralyzing the industry of Japan and in causing social unrest, and therefore we propose to do our work at our respective workshops, ourselves assuming control of all operations, until our demands are accepted.

THE METHODS OF CONTROL

"1. The Industrial Committee shall control all the business.

"2. All the clerks and other employees must attend to their respective duties as hitherto, under the direction of the Industrial Committee.

"3. The company shall be made to pay wages to the workers at the same rates as hitherto.

"4. The working hours shall be reduced from the present eight hours to six, but efforts will be made to do the same amount of work during this reduced working period. When, however, the Industrial Committee considers it expedient, this time will either be extended or further reduced.

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“5. Those who act in a manner disturbing the general peace of the various workshops and impairing the efficiency shall be referred to the Disciplinary Committee.”

For several days workers came to their benches as usual, but there was no work done for no details of operation were formulated. Then on the morning of the fourteenth, a battalion of troops arrived and the works were closed and a ten-day lockout declared. Demonstrations were prohibited, but there were great gatherings under the guise of athletic meetings and later vast conclaves at religious shrines.

While all this was being done by the Kawasaki workers, the laborers in the Mitsubishi yards were demonstrating and rioting, eventually suffering a lockout. For two weeks the strike went on and finally, July 29th, while visiting shrines en masse the paraders turned off from their regular line of march, moving toward the Kawasaki docks, where a bloody riot took place. One man was mortally wounded and forty or fifty others seriously hurt.

This affair was followed by wholesale arrests and some three hundred strike leaders were imprisoned, including Kagawa, the real brains and inspiration of the whole movement. On August 8th, after refusing all attempts at mediation the workers returned to the yards making no terms whatever with their employers.

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Their strike was lost, but they had gone far in awakened labor consciousness. No longer were they centuries behind their factory brothers in European and Russian shops. They were in the vanguard of labor radicalism. And this in bureaucratic, imperialistic Japan—ancient Japan.

“Some day I shall be assassinated,” Kagawa told me, very quietly, and without fear. “In my slums here there are seven hundred gamblers, who belong to the ancient Gamblers’ Guild of Old Japan. Hounded and abused by the police in the past, the government has now organized these gamblers into a recognized fraternity, humorously called ‘The Flower of the Nation,’ with the sole purpose of using them to combat the fight for democracy. Working now with the police, they are used to choke down unrest and check the growing power of the millions. The Old Order is desperate in Japan to-day.”

It is desperate, too—this worn-out old order of militarism and medievalism. It is desperate and therefore dangerous. Against it are ranged all that are fair and liberal and intelligent. The best of the commercial interests of Japan are trying to check military ambition before it reaps the harvest that was Germany’s; and they are trying to solve the problems of industrial unrest before they break forth in some wild rush of Bolshevism.

All Young Japan is helping these liberal ele-

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ments. The students of Japan are dreaming of a New Japan—liberal—advanced, clean. They are in harmony with the ideals of China's great student body.

Japan is at the forks of the road. She must choose either a path that will lead to internal and external peace and happiness or one that will lead her to both wars and revolution. For generations the militarists with their great colonial ambitions have been at the wheel. They have brought Japan a certain success and a certain prosperity, but it has all been built on moving sands. The worms of unrest and dissatisfaction are eating at the wooden foundations. The millions of Common Japan are tired of their job. They want a good living and fair chance in the world and an equal voice in their own affairs. Universal suffrage may not come this year or the next, but the cries of the great majorities must sooner or later be heard. No longer will they consent to remain inarticulate—they learned to lisp in their rice riots and steel strikes and soon they will talk.

They have proved that there is no wrath like the wrath of the patient man; for the Oriental, slow to anger and disciplined for centuries in obedience and respect and patience, knows no restraint when he finally does break loose. This fundamental psychological fact must be reckoned with in considering what revolution would mean to an eastern country like Japan. The old ideas

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of feudalism, carrying with them eastern obedience and loyalty and submission, are deeply rooted, but some sudden cyclone of hate or hunger or wild Bolshevism could tear them up in a night.

The winds of Bolshevism that are blowing more or less over the world are only faint whispering breezes, but as the storm center comes eastward from the Urals they grow stronger and stronger.

The millions and millions of Japan's submerged stand at one end of the social balance; at the other end stands the old and firmly entrenched royalty backed by a ruling military class and caste. Up to now they never squarely faced each other, but the time is surely coming when they will, and if there is no middle ground for them to meet on or no one from the center to show them the way, revolution must inevitably result.

The best and finest men of Japan see this and they are desperately trying to meet the situation by taking the power away from the military and giving it bit by bit to the millions. These men are gaining every day in strength and confidence. They are fighting against tremendous odds because neither side sympathizes with them; and in fighting the military they are battling all the past traditions of Japan.

There is little question but that democracy eventually will come. It takes a great faith in the spirit of the new world to sense its approach in this last bulwark of unfair, irresponsible autoc-

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racy—the emperor here does actually live behind stone walls and moats—but it will come and it will overturn the old military idea and the flaring new radicalism as well. Democracy will play no favorites here if it is given a chance, and it will stand neither for autocratic Russian Bolshevism nor autocratic Japanese militarism.

Behind, and more important than the awakening of the working masses of Japan and the very modest, conservative liberalism of a few officials, stands the real hope of this coming democracy—Japan's wonderful student body. It is these thousands of young men, in their student caps and blue capes, who are the real lamp-bearers of New Japan. They are not the petty minded, narrow gauged men that their fathers were, but rather broad visioned and liberal, who hold firmly the idea of leading their Japan peacefully to her real place in the New World.

American college students, absorbed in athletics and junior proms, could take many useful lessons from these boys of Japan. Seventy-five per cent. of them are going out of their universities thrilled with the prospect of helping Japan solve fairly and decently these great social and international problems. Many of their professors are opening to them visions of self-sacrifice and public service, and giving them ideals that will help carry them through their battles with the Things That Are.

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In one of the student clubs at the Imperial University in Tokyo there is a single group of twenty-five young men who have pledged themselves to give their lives to the bringing of democracy to Japan. Five years ago they would have gone into the army or the navy, but now they are enlisting in the ranks of democracy to fight for what is right and fair and fine. There is an actual shortage of applicants to the military schools and scores of young officers are leaving the army and other scores are coming from service in Siberia with the knowledge that things are fundamentally wrong at home.

The hope of peace in the Pacific rests with these same students and young liberals—and with the widening vision and broadened knowledge of thousands of the more progressive Japanese.

One of the great things accomplished at the Washington Conference was a removing of the colored spectacles of fear and distortion that large numbers of Japanese had been wearing. As long as the professional Japanese militarists could point to the growing menace of the American Navy he could hold through fear the upper hand in government affairs. But no longer is the American Navy a potential menace to the western Pacific—and so at present the shop-worn shibboleths of the Japanese war party have lost their magic with the common millions.

It will be a long battle in Japan—this fight to

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gain a liberal democracy. But it is coming, just as the other great liberal movements of the world that have to do with man's emancipation and political liberty, are coming.

Kagawa of Kobe will pass on, but there will be other young and brave leaders to snatch up the torch and carry it forward. And some day this torch of New Nippon will help light the world.

CHAPTER V

STRUGGLING KOREA

KOREA, like India and the Philippines, is another example of the world tides of unrest bringing to strange shores a determination for nationalism.

By chance it is expressed here not against white conquerors but against yellow conquerors—conquerors worshipping the same gods and writing the same language and living under the same culture and civilization. But it is the same great battle—the same revolt—and the same awakening.

Four years of fighting and suffering for independence have made a new people of the Koreans. They are nothing short of a transformed race, finally awakened from the lethargy that has chained them for countless generations.

There are few stories in the world more dramatic and thrilling than this story of the re-birth of Korea. It is the actual coming to life of a nation that had died and passed on.

Korea was gone forever, and even her warmest friends and sympathizers had not one ray of hope for her. She was not only crushed to death under

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an iron heel but the spark that makes nations rise up, apparently had been put out forever. Other nations that have been reborn, like Poland, Finland, Czecho-Slovakia, were physically crushed but the fire of revolt and the secret love of country still burned brightly. Four years ago no one dreamed that there were more than smoldering embers of nationalism still alive in Korea.

Modern Korea had always been misruled. The court had degenerated into a fat, flabby, weak affair that permitted great power to the governors of the provinces and the local magistrates and farmed out the all important task of collecting the taxes. Graft was everywhere and the eternal system of "squeezing," which has worked such harm to China, was rampant. The country had no backbone, no morale, no spiritual reserve of any kind. The people were poor and kept poor. The army had countless generals but few soldiers; the navy had eighteen admirals but no ships.

In 1592 Japan had invaded Korea and for eight years had raided and ravaged the country. Korea never recovered from the beating she received—nor did she ever cease to hate Japan. Since then she has been merely the country that has been fought over and fought for. Until a generation ago she was the Hermit Kingdom that had closed her doors to progress and civilization. When they were forced open she faced an ambi-

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tious world with weak faith, weaker spirit, and absolute lack of preparation.

With victory in the China-Japanese War and the Russian-Japanese War it was inevitable that Japan should take Korea as the final spoils. No one any longer bothers to grow violent over the way Japan broke her pledges to respect the sovereignty of Korea—it's an established fact and one of a rather long series that has made Japan's pledged word carry little weight in the East.

August 29, 1910, Japan formally annexed Korea. Previous to this she had forced the abdication of the old emperor in favor of a weak and spineless son. In 1908 she had declared her protectorate over Korea, and two years later she had actually and completely taken her into the fold.

Japan had her full and fair chance then. Unlike these days of her ambitions in Manchuria and Siberia no one had any objection to her actions. With absolutely no opposition from the outside, and none worthy of mention from the inside, she took over a country and its seventeen million people. For a long time they had been an unhappy and a dissatisfied people. Their rulers had abused them and misruled them and kept them in ignorance and poverty. What they wanted most was a little more rice and better homes and a little less "squeezing" and a few schools for their children.

Had Japan had the vision and the real interest

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in Korea she could easily have given all these things and more—and won Korea both for the Koreans and the Japanese. But she dreamed of Korea only for the Japanese.

She started out immediately to carry this through. She backed a government-planned developing company that dreamed of colonizing Korea with hundreds of thousands of Japanese farmers. This company, organized in 1908, had forced the old Korean Government to take out three million dollars in stock and pay for it in government lands. It was a fair start for a young concern. To-day it owns one twenty-sixth of all the rice lands in Korea and thousands of acres of other land. The country is full of tales about its petty discriminations against Koreans; I can not vouch for the truth of these, but I do know the Korean farmers distrust and hate the company.

This was only one of a score of mistakes that Japan made when she had everything in her favor. She planted down a police and gendarme system that was both cruel and unnecessary. She honeycombed the country with spies and put in thousands of soldiers. She filled the cities and towns with Japanese shop-keepers and small business men. She interfered with old religious customs. She crushed the Korean press and made free speech and free press bywords. And worst of all, she attempted to stop the use of the Korean language in the government schools.

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For nine weary years the Koreans patiently bent their backs and bowed their heads. For centuries they had been accustomed to abuse from overlords—but finally the worm turned.

In February, 1919, the old emperor's younger son, who had been taken as a boy to Japan and kept under the influence of the Japanese court, was to marry into the Japanese royal family. Three days before the wedding was to take place the old emperor suddenly died under circumstances that led the Korean people to believe that he had committed suicide so that the marriage would not take place—by an old Korean custom there could be no wedding in the royal family for three years after a death. This costly protest of the old emperor to the union of his son with a Japanese acted as a spark to all the piled-up hatred and resentment of his people. Among certain of the educated Koreans there had long been dreams of revolution and now there came a determination to set it in action.

The date for the funeral of the old emperor was set for March 3rd. The Japanese police expected trouble, but they were taken unawares when on Sunday afternoon, two days before the funeral, thousands of students and young people ran through the streets of Seoul shouting: "*Mansai! Mansai!*" There was no violence of any kind on the part of the paraders, but their cries for independence brought police riot calls

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and they were clubbed and mauled about and some hundreds thrown into jail.

Over all Korea the movement spread like a forest fire. Everywhere there were parades and demonstrations—with the police using their swords and finally their rifles. According to the government figure there were from March 1st to July 2nd, 28,934 arrested. Of this number 9,078 were flogged. The police reports show 631 were killed, but Koreans say the actual number was several times larger. Thousands of those arrested were tortured in ways that even the master torturers of the days of the Inquisition could have learned from.

The violence with which the Japanese police and officials struck back shocked the world; and Japan, sensitive to criticism, ordered a change in the governing officials. Baron Siato was sent as governor-general and immediately reforms were promised—the abolishing of the custom of flogging; the establishment of free press and free speech; the teaching of Korean in certain of the schools; more religious freedom and the reestablishment of certain old customs; and a less vigorous police system. All these were promised and highly advertised, but Koreans say that many of them have been just promises and that the petty under-officials and police are but little more humane or considerate now than they were two years ago.

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After all you can almost waste a little pity on Japan even at the same moment that you are swept into a storm of anger at the stupidity and cruelty of her record in this heart-broken peninsula—because Japan's position is an impossible one. It is a situation that has no answer and offers no solution for Japan except the giving of full independence to a people who are by no means ready for it—and she has no more intention of doing this than she has of splitting up her own island empire. By immediate and dramatic reforms and generous gifts of semi-independence she might sidetrack this Korean independence revolution, but one is wasting time even to think about this because present-day Japan does not talk this language of democracy and international justice and fair play.

Japan's promised reforms are not even keeping pace with the growth of the revolutionary movement. Instead of checking it with generous actions she isn't even keeping up with it. This determination to be free from Japan is sinking itself deeper and deeper into the hearts of all of the seventeen million of Korea's people. Every day the solution is becoming more difficult and impossible. The best that Japan can hope for is a temporary victory such as the English have had in India and Egypt.

All in all Japan has made a pitiful mess of it. She faces to-day a race of people who apparently

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are in the revolutionary business for keeps. She has changed front, softened her old policy of military colonization, with her banks and railroads and traders and land-grabbers all mixed up together—but it's been too late. She has discovered that you can't hammer the swords into welcome plowshares after once the sword has been stained with blood.

New demands for independence and fresh demonstrations against Japanese rule will in all probability be made. They may continue peaceful demonstrations of parades and shouts for Korean independence, but they will probably be put down with force—because it is impossible for the Japanese military mind to understand any other power but that of force. And the more force used the deeper sinks the determination for freedom.

In every way it is a hopeless and thankless job that Japan has on her hands. Korea has felt the magic winds of self-determination that have been blowing over the world. The same spirit that has swept through Poland, Finland, Czecho-Slovakia, Ireland, Egypt, India and even touched our own smiling Philippines has set fire to men's hearts here.

But it was far more than any call for national freedom that sent men and women down the streets of Korean cities crying "*Mansai*"—literally translated "ten thousands years" but mean-

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ing liberty forever. It was far more than the sudden setting off of all the piled-up hate and cruelty and petty interference and injustices of Japanese domination that had been practised during the ten years of Japanese annexation. Deep down the whole great movement was almost as much a demonstration and protest against economic injustices as against political injustices. As far as the uneducated Korean peasant and the poor coolies were concerned the revolution had little of the glorious thrill of men fighting for their freedom; it was a protest against the harshness of landlords, and the pettiness and stupidity and overbearing attitude of the gendarmes and soldiers and civil administrators.

Yet it is only fair to write that Japan has done some fine things in Korea. She has built roads—although they are mostly military roads; she has opened great banks; she has established schools—although she insisted for years that only the Japanese language be taught. She has done these and countless other things that have helped Korea, but she has done them all for Japan and not for Korea. And with this spirit dominating her she failed in her dream of assimilating the Koreans. She failed to give them any reason for wanting to become Nipponized. She tried with bayonets to make people love her.

Can she still come back? Can she not only checkmate this revolutionary movement but sat-

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isfy it and win the revolting Koreans? Is the independence movement so deep and wide-spread that nothing can more than temporarily check it?

I went among Koreans of all classes trying to find the answer. I found abundant proof that there was little spirit of compromise in the Korean people; that they are really back of their revolution and will never be permanently satisfied with anything short of full independence.

I recall now the story of a primary schoolboy sitting up in his bed at night and in his sleep shouting: "*Mansai! Mansai!*" His little heart was so full of this fight for independence that he dreamed of it and cried its magic words in his sleep.

An eight-year-old girl coming home from school one afternoon drew the forbidden Korean flag on the pavement with a bit of chalk. Three or four Korean elders cautioned her that if the police saw her they might arrest her and punish her.

"I would not care," she answered, "I am doing this for independence."

So it goes everywhere over his reborn land. A fifteen-year-old factory boy with whom I talked one day on the outskirts of Seoul proved again to me what magic the dreams of freedom can work.

"Were you in the demonstrations and did you shout *Mansai?*" I asked.

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“Of course,” he answered.

“And are you going to take part in more demonstrations?”

“Of course.”

“But you might be arrested and beaten,” I suggested.

“What does that matter?” he answered simply.

“But you might even be killed. You are young and you have many things to live for. You might be killed.”

“Indeed I would truly live forever then,” he answered. “I would be a Korean hero and men would honor me forever.”

Pride in revolution! Dreams of a hero’s death! Boys growing up singing the eternal songs of independence!

So again let it be written that the fire of revolution burns in the heart of every Korean. In some it still is only a dull glow, but in others it is a flaming spirit that can never be put out.

The hate of the Korean people for the Japanese is only equaled by the hate of the Siberian common people for the Japanese. When I saw how intense this was in Siberia I thought I had never seen anything so bitter and deep—but that was before I had seen how these simple people of the once Hermit Kingdom despise and distrust and hate these men from Nippon.

Hate is a strange tonic to give strength to a broken people, but it has worked miracles with

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the Koreans. For this hate of Japan, with the love for Korea, has given new life and fresh hopes to a cause that seemed lost forever.

Japan faces the impossible because there can be no lasting answer to the call for independence —except independence,

CHAPTER VI

IVAN THE JAP KILLER

To TELL of the unrest and revolt of the East without including the dramatic recital of the unrest of great Siberia would be to tell but half a story.

Yet this particular tale of Siberia that I have to chronicle isn't about Bolshevism or Bolsheviks—it's about a plain, simple farmer boy.

His fighting comrades called him "The Jap Killer," and he had a record that warranted the name. He was only a kid, a fourteen-year-old kid, who should have been in school—had there been any school for him. For days I'd heard tales of this firebrand of a boy who had sworn to die fighting the Japanese. Finally I reached the Partizan detachment he had joined and his comrades in arms brought him around to me.

The men soldiers left the room when he came in; only the boy and the interpreter and myself remained.

"Tell me just what has happened," I asked him directly.

He answered in a tired little voice, that now and then showed a soggy brutal determination. It

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was a story grown old, but its very repetition was like a vow resworn. There was something almost religious about it.

“It was last summer and I’d gone into the hills for wood, when the Japs came into my village,” he began. “Some one had told them that my father had given food to Partizan troops, and let them sleep in our house—so they killed him. Then they killed my mother and brother and sister and baby brother, and burned the house. When I got back from the hills with my load of wood I found out all that. I started out for revenge. I’ve killed ten Japs already and I’ll keep on until the last Jap in Siberia is either killed or driven out.”

“But you may be killed yourself,” I suggested.

“*Nitchevo!*”—it doesn’t matter—“they killed my father: he was a better man than I am. I hate them. I shall keep on fighting until either I or the last *makaka* in Siberia is killed.”

He was fourteen—an ordinary Siberian boy. He was unafraid to die. His was the heart and flaming spirit of this great new Siberia.

For six years he and his older brothers and his father had been fighting wars and revolutions, and now he faces another conflict. On a shaggy Siberian pony with an nondescript rifle and a bandoleer of cartridges he fights for his home and his land and his future liberties; he fights the brown man of Japan for a dozen kings’ ransoms.

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Take a bleak forest, with a starving pack of gray wolves and three feet of snow and a dashing *troika* with a man and his bride and his last cartridge, and mix with long lines of ball-and-chain exiles being driven into the hungry mouths of cruel mines, and what's the result—a composite picture of the Average Person's idea of Siberia.

Take a country roughly four thousand miles long and a thousand or two deep, with millions upon millions of smiling acres, the most valuable gold mines in the world and more miles of navigable rivers than even America has, and mix with virgin forests yet untracked, and coal and ore and platinum and precious mines, and what's the result—a composite picture of the Siberia of reality.

“The last great frontier of the white man,” some one had called this land of undreamed miles and uncalculated wealth. And it is a land for white men, a half-world that will help to conquer the rest of the world. If there ever was a country worth fighting for it is this Siberia that we are talking about. That's what the little men of Japan think. And that's what a determined handful of white men, fighting a long fight, battling for almost a lost cause in their frozen hills of Eastern Siberia, think.

Plain drama it is—big tremendous drama, where races and color and religions and cultures clash and fight; where the man on horseback battles the hordes from the rice paddies. And this

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lone white man is worth telling about, because few understand him, and while he fights for all his race and color no one of his own kind gives him a hand or a word.

Let's consider for one moment the situation as it is in Eastern Siberia in the early days of 1922. The Japanese Army scattered along the railroads and rivers of the Siberian coast line, dominates local governments and bullies through its own ends. It dreams of gaining by hook or crook the priceless mines and petroleum deposits of the northern half of Saghalien; of controlling the great ore deposits of the Pre-Amur Province. These two alone would give to Japan the material for forging the weapons for future wars. The World War taught Japan no moral lesson, but it did teach her that a nation which failed to control the essentials of war materials—coal and iron—would lose a modern war.

Military Japan must have these. To gain national wealth she would grab the priceless gold mines and the fishing rights and the economic advantages that the control of the railroads of Eastern Siberia would give her. With this wealth and these raw materials in twenty years she would not hesitate to force any issue with the Western World.

Japan is a master at creating situations. By leaving a small battalion of Japanese troops in the frozen city of Nickolayevsk she invited the fighting that last year resulted in practically the

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annihilation of her nationals there. She called it "the Nickolayevsk massacre," and with it as a match she attempted through pure governmental propaganda to light the fire of false patriotism in her people at home—most of whom have always been opposed to the whole Siberian adventure—and gain popular consent to a brutal Siberian military campaign.

When Japan moves she advances in three columns—her army, her official propaganda agents and her commercial interests. While her official propaganda feeds the world on tales of red terror in Siberia, her armies kill the game that her commercial interests later gobble up. Assisting in the complete breakdown and demoralization of Eastern Siberia by playing one side against the other, Japan has secured not only great timber, mining and fishery concessions, but her protected nationals have purchased for a song valuable mining properties from impoverished and frightened Siberians.

She demands and will continue to demand that all these concessions granted by various Cossack chiefs and these properties bought even after they had been confiscated, shall be recognized and protected by any future Siberian Government. How much further and deeper her demands will go no one knows: the Siberian Provisional Government leaders quote the French proverb that, "appetite grows with eating."

Some say she will attempt to keep the northern

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half of Saghalien and at least dominate the wonderful port of Vladivostok. This city whose name freely translated means, "The Ruler of the East," is just that. It controls the Pacific end of the great Trans-Siberian railroad and with it the thousand-mile Chinese Eastern railroad that economically dominates the northern part of Manchuria: it is the genuine Ruler of the East.

It is a district and a future that fills every dream demand of Japan. It is a country worth a half million men—to Japan. It is a land that would make Japan a nation to be more than reckoned with by the whole world.

And a few thousand white men fight to drive back these invaders. Their cities on the coast fly the flag of the Rising Sun: they have only their hills and ponies and their rifles—and their determination. For seven years they've been fighting wars and revolution. And yet they are still battling.

This drama of Siberia had thrilled me—but I wanted to get behind the scenes and touch hands with these tragic actors. I wanted to feel the heart beat of these brave common people who dared to fight a nation, backed by the world. So with an interpreter and a Partizan spy guide I faded out of the Japanese picture in Vladivostok. A day's journey by train and then a twenty-mile sled ride and we were beyond the Japanese lines and in the deep snow-blanketed hills.

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It was almost dusk when we rounded the brow of a hill and looked down on the log cabin of a half-dozen woodchoppers, nestling in the valley below. Apparently the road was watched, for in less than a minute after we had come into view, two men left the house, mounted horses and galloped off down the valley. When we had trudged through the quarter-mile of snow and reached the house there was no one there but the woodchoppers.

I wanted to go back into the hill villages, I told them through my interpreter. I was an American and I wanted to see just what these Siberian farmer folk were, and why they were so bitter against the Japanese. They told me they would bring one of the Partizan chiefs, and let him talk to me. In five minutes they had saddled one of their work horses and trotted off toward the nearest village held by these anti-Japanese, anti-Cossack, peasant soldiers—called Partizans in Siberia.

We waited, and while we rested we drank tea. That's Russia—waiting and drinking tea. Some day when Russia gets tired of waving a red flag and wants another she should design a samovar rampant on a snowy white background.

In about an hour four Partizan soldiers galloped up to the house and flinging themselves from their ponies in best revolutionary style, pushed open the low wooden door and entered.

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We shook hands all the way around, and then sat down at the candle-lit table to discuss affairs. It was all full of color and warmth and drama: this low-ceilinged house of woodsmen, with two-thirds of the space taken with rough, straw covered boards resting on wooden supports, where the men slept: the group at the table—the tall dashing leader, a mere boy with a blond curl dipping low over his forehead; the pock-marked second in command, a short stubby figure in his white sheepskin jacket with the fur turned out; and behind in the shadow of the single candle the final fringe of the ignorant gentle woodcutters. The pock-marked man spoke strange words of Internationalism, Communism and Karl Marx and for the tenth of a second you could catch the glimmer of superior patience flash over the faces of these men of the woods who were determined to cut the way to their own freedom. They, too, were tired of words and magic phrases—they wanted some of the good things of the world.

I was to go into the hills and I would be welcomed. I could stay as long as I wanted to, and they would pledge their lives that I would not fall into the hands of any Japanese troops. We drank another gallon of tea to the arrangement and for an hour sat around talking of wars and peace and more wars. My interpreter explained to them that I had been in Archangel and Moscow the year before, and they plied me with questions

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about conditions there. The stubby, pock-marked man, I discovered, was from the outside world: all the others were Siberians who knew only of their home provinces.

At eight one of the woodcutters announced that the horses were ready, so we bundled into our fur coats, and climbed in the peasant sled. Two of the mounted men rode ahead and the remaining two brought up behind. There was no moon, but the stars were brilliant. It must have been thirty degrees below zero, and now and then we would crawl off the low sled and walk for half a mile or so; even heavy overshoes could not keep one's feet from freezing in such temperature.

After some two hours we passed a great ghost of a building, lying roofless and with broken windows, like the gigantic skull of some brick and mortar skeleton. One of the Partizans galloped alongside the sled and explained that the building was the ruins of the once famous Piankoff's vodka distillery, that had been burned down months before, by the peasants of the district. In the fall of 1914, following the czar's temperance edict, it had been closed down, and it had remained shut during the Kerensky régime, and during the short period that followed when the Soviets held forth in Siberia. But with the coming of Kolchak it had reopened and Japanese soldiers had been sent out to guard it. But the peasants wanted none of the vodka and none of

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the Japanese so one warm June night they organized, and sweeping down from the hills, destroyed it. Alcohol, I have found, has come for good and all into Russia. The peasants over the great spread of Russia are finished with vodka: Soviet Russia has always prohibited the manufacture and sale of high proof spirits, and it was only in the districts held by the "Whites" that vodka was permitted to be sold.

Even before I had touched hands with them, this ruined distillery taught me a good deal about my Siberian folk. It had been built here so that it could get without high freightage charges the grain these small farmers grew, and so it offered them a good market and high prices for their produce. But they had burned it down because first of all they did not want their sons to have the vodka, and they could not stand to see the hated *makakas*—Japanese—strutting about their hills.

It was almost midnight when we reached the little village with its row of low one-storied houses, built along the single wide street. A frozen creek touched its borders here and there like some silver ribbon flung carelessly down the narrow valley by a giant's hand. Inside the house of Dubrovin we found a score of peasant soldier boys lolling about the great Dutch oven in the kitchen, humming to the music of a guitar. They were billeted here, and of the three rooms in the house they had willingly been given two. The

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bearded peasant owner, and his kindly hospitable wife, with their four children, wanted only one room. These fighting boys were their own fighting boys, whose battles were their battles, and whose victories were their victories. It was one great family, and a willing family. They took their scanty meals from the same mother pot, and they drank their tea from the same samovar.

"See the boy there in the corner—he is my son," the gentle old peasant housewife proudly said to me, as she nodded slyly to a great raw-boned country lad, with a carbine strapped over his shoulder. Then she went on with all the pride there was in her heart: "He's fighting the Japanese for me."

And I found it the same everywhere among these frozen hills. This army of Partizan soldiers was a peasant army, and these old mothers and fathers were real mothers and fathers, and these fighting sons were real sons—their sons and the sons of the peasants of the next hill village.

Ideals taught by candle-light, it seemed to me, were the essence of these Siberian farmer folk; ideals that meant something because they had to be fought for and sacrificed for and paid for. There are other ideals besides candle-lit ideals, but men do not give their lives so freely for electric lighted ideals, nor do they burn so brightly as those of the pine knots and the tallow dips. Civilizations and super-progress does take some-

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thing out of men's hearts—it takes the fire and the dare and the punch. Life does become too precious the moment that it's worth more than its ideals are worth.

A sixteen-year-old peasant boy named Andrey proved all this that following morning. In his farm sled he drove us up and down the hills, through two tiny hamlets to the village of Rakovka, and while he urged his lazy ponies into a trot he would answer our questions in a low soft voice, looking squarely at us out of eyes that were used to gazing on hills and valleys and honest things. There was no guile in his heart, and no deceit on his lips.

"What is it that you Siberians want?" I asked him through my interpreter.

"We want the Japanese to leave our country," he answered, turning from his horses.

"What else?"

"*Svoboda.*" (Freedom.)

"What's that?"

"Land and some other things."

"Do you want them bad enough to die for them?" I questioned.

"Of course," he answered very simply.

"But you are young, and there are many fine things ahead that you would miss. Surely you wouldn't give your life for *svoboda.*"

"Oh, yes—because I would be dying for my ideal," he answered.

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I persisted in my searching for the real heart of this boy. "Do you mean to tell me that if by going to the crest of that hill you could drive out the Japanese and get your precious *svoboda*, but that you'd be killed, that you would do it?"

"Of course, because I would be dying for my ideal."

I wanted to reach out and put my arms about this sixteen-year-old boy who would have been happy to die for his ideal. He'd never seen an American before, he told me, and he didn't know just where America was, but his was the heart of the best of America: his was the fighting soul of the boys of America of other generations when there was American *svoboda* to be fought for. And his was the great heart of these Siberian folk.

"Who told you about these wonderful ideals?" I asked him.

"My father," he answered.

Candle-lit ideals, I thought—simple courageous ideals of real patriots.

He sat silent for a long time and then he turned from his horses. "We will all die fighting Japan. We hate the *makakas*. But we've nothing against America. We'll fight to drive out the Japanese, but if America took Siberia we wouldn't care very much. We know America is a free country, and that she would give us the land and freedom. But we'll all die fighting the *makakas*."

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I knew that in the heart of this simple, un-spoiled peasant boy, echoing his father's words about ideals, that I had found the real pulsing, breathing heart of Russia's one hundred and fifty million peasants. No one who hasn't seen the tears in their eyes can know what dreams they have of education and what hopes of freedom, and what thoughts of having just a little of the good things of the world, and how they want the Japanese troops to go and let them settle their own affairs their own way. These people and their dreams are still to be discovered by the world, yet they are Russia—the real Russia of the future. They are the eighty-five per cent. of the millions of this great republic.

This night at the village of Rakovka a dozen of the peasants came over to the house to see me. They drifted into the tiny double-windowed room, one at a time, and stood silent on the edge of the circle looking at me. None of them had ever seen a foreigner before and at first they couldn't understand why I was there. The next morning the dashing chief of the detachment, who lived with his widowed mother in this same village, said to me: "When the peasants first saw you last night they resented your being in their hill village, but after they saw how you only wanted to find the truth they wept."

That was a wonderful night: the half hundred soldiers crowded about the pine table where

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we ate supper from the single great dish; and on the fringe of the crowd the bearded old peasants sucking in the words like hungry men starving for new hopes of freedom. There was a story in every soldier there, and a novel in every leader at the table. Neither time nor adventure will ever make me forget the bearded old Cossack from Orenburg, in South Russia, who was mothering and fathering all these farmer-soldier boys. His wrist had been broken by a Japanese rifle bullet, and his left hand was useless, and when he told me of his wife and four children at the other end of Russia his eyes were warm with tears. At home he was a school-teacher, and a member of the Cossack Council, and had been sentenced to life imprisonment in Siberia because, at the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution, when Ataman Dutoff had asked the Cossack Council for authority to hang a Cossack colonel who had refused to fight the Bolshevik, this old fellow had said aloud in meeting: "Try hanging yourself first, Ataman Dutoff, and if it does you any good then hang your colonel."

Nor will I ever forget the Dreamer who had been a revolutionist from boyhood. In the 1905 revolution he had been sentenced for life in the Siberian mines and had served until the Kerensky revolution had released him. He was no Communist—only a revolutionist, and now a patriot fighting brown men who would take his

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country. Excepting these two from the outside world all were native Siberian peasant fighters. Even their chief, Stepanenko, had never been a hundred miles from his hills.

He was a figure after your own heart, this Stepanenko. A great black beard covered his face, and he looked tired and worn and old, but he confessed that he was only twenty-six. He was going to take us to stay at what was left of his house after the Japs had finished with it, but at the last moment he decided differently: "My mother always cries so when she sees me when I get home," he explained simply: "she is so afraid that something will happen."

I had never in my life seen such love for men as these peasants of his bore for him. A dozen of them whispered to me that they would give their lives gladly for him. And I know that he would give his life just as freely for them.

"We shall lay down our rifles and go to farming again as soon as the Japanese are driven out and we get our liberty and the land," he explained. "We are only peasants, fighting for what we believe to be right. We were willing to support the Omsk directory when it promised us democratic government. But it did not give us democracy. It gave us instead Kolchak and the Japanese: and Kolchak conscripted us and took our horses and food and gave us no freedom. So we fought and defeated him, and we will fight

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always for the things we believe in. We will fight the Japanese until the last man of us is killed."

Over and over again I heard the same thought that night until I grew convinced that in nowise were these men radical men, but merely straight farmers fighting for what they believed to be right and just. For hours on end they asked me questions about America and Japan and then in turn they answered mine. One by one the tired soldiers and old peasants drifted away, until at midnight only the dozen men billeted in the house remained. Slowly they began spreading their sheepskin coats on the floor, pulling off their boots, unstrapping their pistols and soon we were all stretched out on the uncarpeted planks. The old Cossack blew out the candle, and then, in the darkness, the Dreamer, who'd spent fifteen years of his life in Siberian prisons, began humming a revolutionary song. In a minute the others were nibbling at it, and soon the dozen men had thrown their hearts into the singing. I couldn't understand the words of the song, but the low, plaintive, thrilling music swept into my heart, and I was glad that there was no light to show the tears in my eyes.

I awoke in the morning with the sun streaming in through the double windows. My bunkies were pulling on their boots, and strapping on their pistols. I pulled on my own shoes and took my turn at splashing myself with cold water in

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the kitchen. Ten minutes later we sat down with the chief and the Dreamer and the old Cossack to a breakfast of tea and black bread and country sausage. We ate true Russian peasant style, with wooden spoons from the same dish.

At eleven a delegation of peasants arrived with an invitation for me to attend their Sunday morning village assembly, so we started off with them. We walked a quarter of a mile down the broad single street and then entered one of the small one-story houses. The room was packed with bearded old peasants. They asked that all the soldiers leave, so that we would be alone with them. The Partizans smilingly withdrew, and, seated at a table, we faced these men to whom this fight against Japan and this whole revolution were things as sacred and holy as their religion. Only a few of them could read and write and none of them had ever seen an American before.

“Just what is it that you Siberians want?” I asked very directly.

“We want the Japanese to get out and leave us alone,” one of their spokesmen answered.

“And what else do you want?”

“Land and freedom,” a half-dozen answered.

It was the old cry—“*Zemla e svoboda*”—that had echoed for a century from one end of great Russia to the other.

“And will the Soviets give it to you?”

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"Yes—and if they do not, we will fight on until we get it," one old man answered and the others nodded their heads.

For the moment Soviet was a magic word for them and in it they saw their dreams of land and freedom. But there had been other magic words too, and some of them had lost their charm, but "Land and Freedom," never. If Soviet failed they would fight on and on and on. They wanted the land for themselves—all of it—and nothing on this earth was strong enough to keep them from having it.

It is difficult for America to grasp this land problem here in Russia and to realize how deep it has sunk itself into the hearts of the great Russian majorities. Before 1861 practically all the land was owned by the court, the church and the great landlords, and it was worked by serfs who were part of the estates. For the most part the work was done on the share basis and the serf attached to the land looked upon it as his, just as he thought that he belonged to it. In 1861 when he was freed the village in which he lived was permitted to buy part of the great estates and farm the land on the communal system. This meant that the land was divided among the families according to number and at the end of from five to ten years redivided. The village paid for the land by yearly instalments, but so small was the plot allotted to each family that the peasant

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was in many cases worse off than he had been before.

This was especially true of the peasants who remained on the great estates as hired hands. They had only their eternal ceaseless dream of land. In 1905 this dream was lit by the fire of revolt and terrible revolution followed. The world thinks of the 1905 revolution as a city revolution, but it was really a peasant revolution. Peasants burned the houses of the great estates, killed hundreds of landlords, and in turn hundreds of thousands of them were killed. But it was like killing sheep; these peasants could only fight with scythes against professional hired soldiers with machine-guns.

Things were different in the next revolution, 1917. After the army débâcle of July, 1917, the farmer-boy soldiers took their rifles and machine-guns and went home. Many of them killed their landlords and burned the great houses and divided up the estates. The stabler, more intelligent peasants, took the advice of their Social Revolutionist political leaders, who told them to wait until the Constitutional Assembly could decide how the land was to be taken over by them and distributed. But Lenin dissolved the Constituent Assembly and declared for peace, and gave the poorer peasants permission to take over the estates themselves. Yet peace did not come and Lenin clamped down his commissars, orders,

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requisitions, mobilizations, and a score of brutal things on them. Millions of them were against Lenin—but there was nowhere else for them to turn. Kolchak, Denekin and the others gave them only hollow promises, that blew up like a bubble whenever tested. The old military crowd and the old landowners crowded about these “white hopes,” and the peasants saw that they could dream of nothing but a victory for reaction. If there had been a third party, a fair, democratic body, they would have turned to it—most of the one hundred fifty million, and by the very force of their numbers they would have pulled Lenin down just as they pulled Kolchak down. But there was no place for them to turn, except toward Moscow.

So this Sunday morning, in this hill village, these Siberian peasants told me that first they would drive out Japan, and then turn their eyes toward the Soviets, and that if Moscow did not give them what they wanted, they would fight on until they got it. And they will—and they will win. Russia will be a peasant republic sooner than any one dreams. It can not be anything else, because they are eighty-five per cent. of Russia’s uncounted millions, and the day is here when eighty-five per cent. will always rule.

Other wonderful days there were, there in the frozen hills of Eastern Siberia, when these things were proved even more vividly and surely for me.

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And times without number I felt the warm friendly pulse of Russia, beating to the same time that the heart of America is set to.

I recall now one special ride through these snow-blanketed hills. My driver, this time, was not a young boy, dreaming of dying for his ideal, but an old man who had been all his life in Siberia. I asked him to tell me just what he thought about America.

“America did some few things against us when they first came here, but we don’t mind them now that America has gone,” he went on slowly. “She did help Kolchak and the military, but she didn’t know what they were: as soon as she found out, she stopped. She didn’t understand that they were not working for the people, but only for themselves. We know America wants nothing from us, and that she is the only one that didn’t want something from us. Japan is different. We hate her and we shall fight her forever.”

He was Siberia speaking—the great coming Siberia. He couldn’t read nor write, but he could think straight as a dye about such things as liberty, freedom, justice. I was like a man standing for the first time before some tremendous, wonderful thing of God.

He went on urging his lazy, shaggy, Siberian ponies, covered with snow and frost. Pretty soon he turned in his seat: “America is a great free country, and if America will help Siberia

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there will be two great free countries, and they will make the whole world free. As I work here among these hills, I often dream of how it will be some day: way over there free democratic America, and over here free democratic Siberia. We shall be great friends and we shall make the whole world free."

I thought of nations of small souls and dwarf hearts, dreaming of world power and world conquest. I thought how foolish and futile their unworthy ambitions were before the two great hearts that some day would beat together to music that this Siberian peasant had dreamed.

"Way over there free democratic America, and over here free democratic Siberia. We shall be great friends and we shall make the whole world free."

CHAPTER VII

WHITE AUSTRALIA

IT IS a big jump from the frozen hills of Siberia to the tropical lands of North Queensland and the smiling acres of New South Wales, but if one would know the full story of the New Pacific and the world's unrest one must travel far.

In the chapters that have preceded this I have told of the cry of "India for the Indians"—"China for the Chinese"—"Japan for the Japanese." Here in this great Southland there is still another cry—"Australia for the white man."

Somehow the other slogans sound perfectly reasonable and fine, while this one that has to do with a White Australia seems far-fetched and unnecessary. And yet . . .

The man who first painted white Australia in vivid colors for me was the "guard" on the train that had the Brisbane end of the Brisbane-Sydney run.

I suppose what attracted him to my compartment was my American accent. He began talking to me about what odd habits Americans had and how a friend of his who had been in the States had remarked to him that Americans were rare

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birds because they shifted their forks when they ate. I wanted some more of these strange observations so I asked him to have a seat alongside me.

We talked railroading for a time and then swung into the popular topic of the high cost of living and from there to union hours and Lloyd George and finally I mentioned white Australia to him.

“We don’t want any of those brown beggars in here,” he explained to me. “They work twice as long and for one-half the pay we work for. No sir, we’re going to keep Australia clean white. We’ll fight England or Japan or anybody for that. Ugh! There’s one of those Japanese gents in the front compartment of this car. He’s a commercial traveler, but I hate him just the same. They got to whip us before they can come in here. I was cold on this conscription for the Great War, but they can take me any time to fight these Japs.”

Apparently nothing else had interested him. But he was talking now with sober repressed sincerity. He was stating a political code that was nothing short of a religion to him.

That’s exactly what this doctrine of white Australia is—a religion; the fervent, fanatical and sacred determination of five and one-half million people to keep a great continent for themselves—for their own race and color and faith.

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To the great majority of Australians this new religion of Oriental exclusion at any cost and at any sacrifice is a living breathing thing—just as it was to this train guard in Queensland. It is Australia. She will fight for it and she will die for it. No League of Nations, no Association of Nations—not even the British Empire—can force her to change this religion. It is her very life.

On its face value one might easily suggest that even if this is a political religion it is distinctly Australia's business and of little importance to the rest of the world. But this is a wrong conclusion because it is distinctly of grave importance to the peace and welfare of the whole world. For this doctrine of white Australia has a tremendous bearing on the whole question of racial equality as advanced by Japan.

And racial equality may be shouted at any moment with greater vehemence and determination than it has ever been cried before. It is one of the unanswerables—one of the unsolvables. For eventually with Japan will be the great voice of China with her four hundred million and India with her three hundred fifteen million. It is the ultimate cry of more than one-half of the peoples of this earth—people still barely learning to lisp, yet whose voice some day will shake the world!

Australia refuses and will continue to refuse to heed this clamoring—and nothing can change

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her. She is determined to keep her great, quarter-developed continent for herself—to keep it at any cost and any sacrifice. For twenty years she has been reaffirming this determination until it has become a faith.

To-day no Asiatic native can enter Australia—unless he be a student or merchant or traveler. An elastic educational test that all immigrants must pass keeps him out; a fifty-word dictation test that may include any and all European languages. There is no written law that discriminates against him in any way—he simply must pass an educational test that may be stretched to exclude a coolie who might be learned enough to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key.

And this religion of a white Australia is no sudden burst of racial hate or fear of invasion: it is a slow-moving, ever-increasing political philosophy that has now reached to the very roots of Australia's national soul.

It was born two decades ago of purely economic parentage. At that time there were a few thousand Oriental coolies in the country and some thousands of Kanaka laborers in the sugar districts of north Queensland. But there were enough Asiatics and South Sea natives to prove to the Australian workmen that direct competition with the cheap coolies of Asia, with their low standard of living, was a brutal unnecessary test.

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It was Australian workmen who first demanded a white Australia—but it is the Australian middle-class nationalists with all their pride of country and race and color whose voices are loudest now in disseminating this political religion.

Australia has a greater land area than the United States (excluding Alaska), yet her total white population is less than five and one-half millions. Of the non-Europeans there are in round numbers 37,000 made up as follows: 23,000 Chinese (one-fourth British-born), 6,000 Hindus and other Indian races, 3,000 Japanese, 2,000 other Asiatics, 2,500 Polynesians and 500 others. In addition there are estimated to be some 30,000 Australian aborigines.

Of the great area of Australia about one-third is or can be made productive—two-thirds make up the Never-Never country that is good for little else than fiction. But this one-third can readily support one hundred million people—and Australia to-day has fewer inhabitants than the single city of New York.

The northeast country is tropical and semi-tropical and here are millions of acres of undeveloped lands that can be used for sugar, cotton and other tropical and semi-tropical products. It is particularly in this tropical district where Asiatic coolies and Kanaka laborers could be permanently settled, that one faces the great moral issue of the right of a nation to build a wall of

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exclusion around itself while its rich lands lie idle and undeveloped.

Scientists have been wrangling for generations over the effect of tropical life on the white man. This question has a deep bearing on the whole problem of a white Australia. Recently in their convention in Brisbane, Queensland, the National Medical Conference devoted an entire session to the discussion of this very point. Medical men who had lived for years in the tropical sugar cane country of northern Queensland gave it as their opinion that white men *could* live and prosper in the tropics if they took proper care of themselves.

This pronouncement was hailed with delight by the white Australianists. They were not cheating the world of the food that must some day be grown in these tropical lands that now are fallow. They point to the Queensland sugar plantations as their proof.

From the beginning these plantations were worked by indentured Kanaka labor from the South Sea Islands. To all intents and purposes these ignorant blacks were virtually slaves. The workmen of Australia started the agitation against this "slave trade" and eventually the whole of the country was lighted up by a blaze of moral indignation over this colored labor.

Notice was given the planters that after a specified time a white Australia policy would be en-

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forced and colored labor would be abolished. A wail of protest went up from sugar planters, and "blackbirders" who profited in the procuring and transportation of the Kanaka laborers, but it was of no use. In due time the South Sea Islanders were shipped back to their homes, and the irate planters appeased by a government grant of six pounds sterling for every ton of sugar they produced thereafter.

With many misgivings white laborers were put into the cane fields to take the place of the Kanakas. And to the surprise of a good many they were able not only to do the tropical work but to do more and better work per man than the imported negroes. They were more expensive, of course, but the subsidy took care of this difference.

It was a great boon for white Australia. "White men, good strong Europeans of our own color and own religions, are what we want," all Australia said. "We are going to keep our race pure: we are going to keep Australia for ourselves."

Little by little this determination has grown until to-day it is the soul of Australia's national life. From Premier Hughes down to my train guard this is a settled conviction.

I don't know which feels it the deepest—certainly it is part of the heart and mind of this strange, bent, irascible, hawk-like figure who

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has been the mouthpiece of Australia for a half-dozen years.

In some ways this man "Billy" Hughes is one of the most picturesque and unusual characters in the world. Coming to Australia from Wales some twenty-five years ago as a consumptive ex-school-teacher he was for several years a roustabout on sheep ranches in Queensland. Eventually he drifted to Sydney where he opened a small bookshop along the wharf. Soon he was organizing the longshoremen and leading their fight for better wages and better working conditions.

Little by little he worked his way up in the labor ranks and eventually injected himself into New South Wales politics.

With the formation of the Commonwealth Parliament twenty years ago he turned his brilliant, vitriolic talents toward federal affairs and rapidly became one of the foremost Labor party leaders.

In 1914 with the political Labor party in control in five of the six states, and heavily entrenched in the Federal Parliament, Hughes was first in command under Premier Fisher. Early in the war Fisher resigned the premiership to become Australian high commissioner in London, and Hughes became premier.

In 1916 he made a hurried trip to London and returned convinced that Australia must adopt

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conscription. But his attempt to push his bill through met with bitter opposition from a majority of the Labor leaders and the party was split wide open. One section followed Hughes, who now formed a coalition with the Liberal party, retaining power and making for himself bitter and lasting enemies of the majority of his old Labor associates.

Each election the Labor party, incensed at his "treachery," attempted to break his power, but with somewhat of the same cunning and quick shift and easy compromise of his fellow Welshman, Lloyd George, this strange little fighter holds together his coalition. Frail, with broken health, tryingly deaf, he is nevertheless easily the most brilliant and capable man in Australian public life. He trusts no one, has few friends, a million enemies, yet he cuts and slashes his way through to the end—the master politician: a striking contrast in personality to our own soft-spoken lawyer in Washington who bears the same name.

In his high pitched, rasping, almost quarrelsome voice Hughes briefly outlined for me just where Australia stood in regard to Japanese exclusion. We were seated in his private office in the Parliament House in Melbourne. A tiny black telephone disk was clapped to his ear and a small six by six inch box receiver on his desk was pointed in my direction.

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"We must recognize absolutely that our several countries have certain fundamental, vital, individual principles that we can not sacrifice, compromise, or even open for discussion to other peoples," he explained. "The white Australia policy is ours; the Monroe Doctrine is America's; the freedom of the seas is Britain's. These are outside the province of any League or Association or any international conference. It must recognize the rights of any nation to protect its own vital interests."

His was the voice of Australia—of white Australia—not arguing but simply laying down certain fundamental religious dogmas that it would fight for, die for, if necessary.

And strangely enough he and most Australians look to America for their greatest physical and moral support in this new religion.

"The same Pacific with its same problems and questions washes both our shores giving America and Australia certain common interests," he went on that day. "We rejoice in the launching of each new American battle-ship: it is another brick in our citadel of defense."

Somehow there is a feeling generally about the country that England can not and will not understand the necessity for a white Australia. On the tight little island itself there have never been any color lines. Australians point out how the rich young Oxford student from India is received

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in the best homes in England as an equal—yet when he returns to his own India his pride is trampled on and his heart is broken by every white under-official in the Indian service.

Englishmen are liberal and democratic with themselves in their own country—but once outside they are Britishers with all the weight of a great far-flung empire and the “white man’s burden” on their shoulders. And Australia recognizes this. She expects no sympathetic understanding of her Australia-for-the-white-man from Downing Street.

So it is that she is looking to Canada and the United States. There is a certain amount of jealousy against the powerful America, but it is smothered in the belief that America stands squarely between Australia and ambitious Japan.

A score of men throughout Australia have explained to me how this “menace” of Japan has drawn them to America. “You could count on thousands of us enlisting in your armies if you should ever have trouble with Japan,” I was told from one end of the continent to the other.

This fear of Japanese aggression amounts almost to an obsession. Men who submitted the same offer of military assistance in a possible war against Japan, would turn to me in sincerest anxiety and ask if America would help them if they should be crowded to the wall by Japan.

This feeling that America better understands

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her Japanese problem than England ever can, has severed more than one of the cords that bind the great daughter of the south to the mother England. Yet to report quite honestly all that I found there I must explain that I discovered very little desire to cut these ties completely.

Frankly I had expected that in Australia I should see the first real evidence of the breaking up of the White British Empire. I had thought that here at the end of the world there would be independence of thought and action and a demand for full and complete freedom.

Instead, I found that except in radical Labor circles and among certain radical Irish Sinn Feiners, Australia is closely tied to the apron-strings of England—tied sentimentally, economically, nationally. Many great business enterprises, even the great ranches, were financed in London. And deeper than that, her thought still bears a pure British trade-mark.

Everywhere there was a vague, half-born idea that by some magic the empire would suffer a transformation that would give complete freedom of action and an equal voice to the individual commonwealths and yet retain unity. The dominions will never engage in another war unless it is their several, individual wishes to do so, they argue—and yet when pressed as to what their attitude would be if faced with another crisis like that of August, 1914, they invariably would

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answer: "Of course we must always stand by the empire when she needs us."

But not so the radical Labor elements. They, with the Sinn Feiners, making up possibly fifty per cent. of the Labor population, were frank in their determination to end all connection with the empire.

And this mention of the stand of radical Labor takes us from White Australia to Pink Queensland. And Pink Queensland after all does have to do with the story of the world's unrest.

In the friendly, hospitable but extremely aristocratic Queensland Club of Brisbane, where the great ranch owners and bankers foregather, they told me that real red revolution was abroad in the land.

"All this business of State Socialism is nothing but the vanguard of a real revolution," one earnest gentleman shouted at me in frightened tones.

In the old Trades Hall in the same city Tim Moroney, head of the Railway Union, called this same State Socialism "cockroach capitalism." "These cheap Labor politicians are just a lot of half penny office holders, afraid of their own shadows. Red! Ugh!" he grunted.

For myself, I'd call this most "revolutionary" of Australia's six states possibly a pale, sickly pink. As for being red, it simply fails to make good on its color reputation.

Two years ago when the Prince of Wales en-

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tered Queensland his party came trembling in their boots. There was serious fear that the "red ragger," or Bolsheviks, or some low-browed radical laborites, would hoot the prince or bomb his train or say nasty things to him. Instead, Jack Fihelly, their acting Labor premier, wined, dined and cheered him—and then trailed his departing train in a 'plane to say a final good-by.

In exactly the same degree in everything else does Queensland fail to hold up its red reputation. Briefly here is what I found in this alleged radical state with its sprawling six hundred seventy thousand five hundred square miles and seven hundred thousand inhabitants:

A Labor government firmly in power with forty-seven seats to the combined opposition's twenty-five.

Seven great state enterprises being worked fairly successfully:

More than five thousand miles of state owned railroads, stretching through little settled country, operated at small profit:

A government insurance bureau that has lowered insurance charges some twenty-five per cent.:

A state Court of Industrial Arbitration that unquestionably has averted many labor difficulties and a Fair Rents Court that is actually benefiting the renter:

A general forty-four-hour week and a minimum

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wage that at least keeps the wolf from the door:

And certain weakness for red tape, favoritism, and a degree of inefficiency that comes with all government departments.

Of all these points probably Queensland's state enterprises are being most closely watched by the world. During the past six years that the present Labor government has been in power the state has entered into seven lines of direct competition: cattle ranches, butcher shops, railway refreshment rooms, produce agencies, sawmills, fish shops and a single hotel. For the past year these seven show a total net profit to the state of 94,638 pounds sterling—about \$425,000 at the rate of exchange at that time, only one, the fish markets showing a loss—\$46,000 for the year.

The state cattle ranches are sixteen in number, cover thirty-two thousand square miles, and graze two hundred thousand head of cattle. For the year they showed a net profit of \$198,000. The state management pays the same state rent as any private lease, but it pays no income tax.

The fifty state butcher shops—sixteen in the city of Brisbane and thirty-four scattered throughout the state—returned a net profit of \$164,000 for the year, but infinitely more important than that, they kept the price of meat down. These state shops, with their low prices, have saved thousands of pounds sterling to the ordinary consumers. Their turn-over for the year

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amounted to \$2,836,000, and they handled 26,254,-893 pounds of meat.

According to U. H. Austin, the non-political Commissioner for Trade for the state, the people of Queensland have been saved more than two million dollars annually directly through the state enterprises. My own observations were that by and large they were being run as carefully and efficiently as the ordinary government bureau. At least they were actually keeping prices down.

The state railways were able to show a profit of 0.77%—a decrease over former years. From a financial point of view, however, Queensland is overrailroaded, with its 5,469 miles serving a bare seven hundred thousand people.

The Court of Industrial Arbitration while failing to stop strikes at least has greatly decreased the number. There are two judges, appointed for seven-year terms, and they make their awards on the basis of a general forty-four-hour week, and a basic wage for unskilled work of three pounds seventeen shillings per week—about sixteen dollars at the present rate of exchange. The court may impose fines up to one hundred pounds and six months in jail, but the hold the Court has over Labor lies in the fact that if its decisions are not obeyed the Union loses its standing in the Court and its wage award. Its function, after all, is really to get the two factions together and then to deal fairly and squarely with the case.

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The Fair Rents Court is really doing business. All flub-dub and horse play is hewn off and the court is an informal place where the renter can go for protection against a profiteering landlord. The judge simply asks two questions—neither side may be represented by a lawyer and must appear in person—how much does the renter pay and how much did the property cost. If the annual rental figures more than ten per cent. of the property cost then the rent is actually brought down to that figure: if the rent is less than ten per cent. then it is brought up to that amount. That's all there is to it—and it works.

All in all it's only a pale, sickly pink Queensland. But Queensland labor, like the labor of all the rest of Australia is on the move toward the Left. In June, 1921, the first All-Australian Congress of Trade Unions was held in Melbourne, and the three hundred delegates laid down a broad, progressive policy that labor should point toward.

This goal was frankly for the ultimate socialization of industry, production, distribution and exchange. To achieve it both industrial and parliamentary machinery was to be utilized. To gain efficiency the old craft organization—trade unions—are to give way to organization of workers along lines of industry: that is, where all the workers in any one industry will work in a single union.

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All of which means that Australian labor is out to turn this great southern continent into a socialistic state—to turn it by use of a political party and a tightly bound industrial organization. If it's revolution, then it's evolutionary revolution; and if it's evolution it's revolutionary evolution. You can take your choice.

In the meantime, it's White Australia that really counts—White Australia that will act as an unfriendly, echoless sounding board to the eventual cry of the East for racial equality.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR OWN LITTLE INDIA

BEFORE the days of the Irish settlement I had heard the Philippines called "Our Own Little Ireland." I preferred to call them "Our Own Little India."

They are distinctly a *little* India because, after all, compared to what England faces in her India our troubles in the islands are very small. And yet there are troubles there for us—for the teaching of independence must always and ever bring a demand for full independence.

And it is a growing demand. A new generation is being brought up in the islands that has been taught Americanism by Americans. We have told them of the Fourth of July—and they celebrate it. And now they ask for their own Glorious Fourth.

Somehow this story of Independence and what it means to the old and new generations in the islands was best dramatized for me by an old pagan ex-head-hunting Ifagao and his young son.

When I first saw the old fellow he was climbing down the ladder steps that led from the undersized doorway of a high-roosted native

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thatched hut—climbing down like some ancient cock from an upper-story perch. Except for a loin-cloth—dubbed a G-string in the Philippine Islands—he was as naked as the day of his birth. And he was as full as a tick.

He safely negotiated the five-foot descent and then, dramatically stretching out his withered and shrunken arms and looking across the narrow valley and down the deep mountainside, cried in his native tongue: “The whole world is drunk! The whole world is crazy!”

For hours he had been squatting on his bare heels with two other ancient fakirs mumbling the words, crooning the songs, making the mystic passes of a high pagan harvest ceremony—and between times drinking deep and satisfying draughts from a great earthen jug filled with *bubud*—the native brew from fermented rice. His only worry was his supply of *bubud*—and what his wife would say to him when he got home.

“The whole world is drunk! The whole world is crazy!” he repeated.

I was thoroughly fascinated and asked my interpreter to bring him over and let me talk with him. So over he came and squatted beside me and we talked. His wrinkled, leathery face wore a friendly smile and his eyes twinkled with good feeling. For half a century he had been priest to this pagan tribe of head-hunters in the Ifagao valley among the mountains of Northern Luzon.

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He and his nine hundred thousand pagan and Moslem brothers have offered the most difficult problem that the American administration in the Philippines has had to face. I had come the long two hundred and fifty-mile mountain trip by horseback from Bagio in order to see just what the *Americanos* had been able to accomplish among a tribe which is not only backward but savage and untouched at any point by the western civilization we are so proud of.

"What's all this *independencia* talk I hear so much about?" I asked the old fellow, after I had complimented him on his evident capacity for *bubud*.

A strange look came over his face. His priest game called for him to be the wisest man of the valley and he hesitated to admit his ignorance. But we were white men and, there being no necessity of bluff with us, he finally answered: "I don't know—but my son does. You ask him."

That afternoon I met the boy. He was probably fifteen and was dressed in a strange combination of native bareness and American clothes. Below the waist line he wore only the "conventional" G-string, but above he sported an American coat and a straw sailor hat—the size and condition of these articles making it clear that they were legacies from some American of grander mold. When he was pointed out to me as the old priest's son I went up to him and spoke to him in

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English. He answered me slowly and with a rather pleasing accent. He attended an American school, he said, and at one time had had an American teacher, but at present his instructor was a Filipino from Manila.

"When I finish here I wish I may go to Bagio High School," he said. "Then I wish to go to Manila University to study to be a doctor. Then some day I come back here to this valley to my people and teach them how be clean, and healthy and everything. My teacher promised me all that if I study hard and be good student. So I work hard. Next year I go Bagio."

"And how about this *independencia?*?" I suggested.

He hesitated a moment. Then he looked me straight in the eye and answered: "We want independence for our islands. We learn that at school. America has taught us that."

It seemed to me I had no need to look further. I had found the magic I was looking for—and it was the magic that American schools and American ideals and American sanitation and American inspiration had planted among the eleven million people of these enchanted islands. The passing generation had missed most of it—just as this ancient fakir had missed it—but the youth of the land, the future of the islands, had made it a part of them. They knew what this word *independencia* meant—because they knew the magic of

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American political ideals. We had taught it to them ourselves.

This hill-boy, Juan, had learned it, too—and he's the fellow we're interested in; he's the new Filipino: in a few years more he'll be running the islands. He's distinctly the product of twenty years of American influence. And, after all, he's the big consideration when it comes to weighing the argument for independence. His old pagan father, drinking his *bubud* and curing ills by signs and strange words, doesn't matter much. What we would do to and for this young boy, who would study modern medicine and lead his tribe and his islands upward, is the big test.

If one could put down in a single word the most priceless gift that America has made to this new generation one would unhesitatingly say "schools." That's the password of the Philippines and one hears it in *barrios* hidden in great cocoanut groves and listens to its echo along the freshly paved streets of new cities. It's the heart song of a young nation.

A year ago there were more than seventy-five thousand children turned away from school doors because there were not rooms or teachers to care for them. I shall never forget seeing a barefoot mother bringing her seven-year-old boy to a home-made *nipa* school in the island of Bohol—a thousand miles south of the Ifagao valley of my hill-boy. The room was overcrowded already and

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the teacher had accepted more pupils than the regulations permitted. But the mother couldn't understand all these things and when she found that her tears could not get her child admitted she wanted to pay his way with her peso or two of savings.

"I will pay—I will pay you all I have," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I want my boy to learn so that he will not always live in a hut and be poor. Please let him go to school."

She could not read nor write and she lived in a tiny bamboo thatched hut, roosting on stilts, but she wanted her boy to become educated so that he could have a better place in the world. And the same thing is happening over all the islands—except among the non-Christian tribes, who are taking more slowly to education. It is a glorious sign for the future.

Of the one million two hundred thousand children of school age in the islands, 776,639 are attending school—a voluntary attendance of approximately two-thirds of the eligible children. It is a great record, but cold figures fail to show the priceless value of this steady stream of American ideals of life and citizenship flowing into the million homes scattered about these islands. It is a new country that is being born, and a new people. That hill-boy is typical.

One should really not visit the Philippines until after he has seen India and Korea and

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Egypt and Indo-China, and the other examples of outside rule clapped on native peoples. To see others first would make one more tolerant and sympathetic and infinitely more patient, and decidedly more grateful to the big Americans who have spent and are even now spending the best years of their lives in the islands planting deeply American ideals and ideas.

It's quite easy to see the fundamental difference between either British or French or Japanese or German colonial rule and that of American control in the Philippines. It is basically a question of the spirit that is behind the rule.

Is the highly propagandized "white man's burden" shouldered for the benefit of Manchester cotton mills, or Hamburg merchants or Lyon manufacturers, or is it for the benefit of the native peoples themselves?

This is where America's supervision of the Philippines has shone like a white light in comparison to the efforts of the Old World colonizers. America's work in the islands has been guided by one ideal: that which is best for the Filipinos.

Twenty years ago when William Howard Taft, with the cooperation of the secretary of state, Philander E. Knox, first laid out the broad scheme for American work in the Philippines, it was under the great inspiration of preparing the islands for self-government and then giving it to them as soon as they were capable of taking care of themselves.

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Every administration at Washington and every governor-general at Manila since then has worked along this same general line. Carefully, patiently, thoroughly we have planted this idea of independence—until everywhere about the islands one hears the word spoken. Somehow, no matter how you may try to dodge the question, it keeps popping up in a thousand different guises. I've met it on the dreamy, flower-lit streets of Zamboanga; I've sat with it a thousand miles northward in the twilight of the gorgeous days of the empire in front of *nipa* huts, while head-hunters swayed in their graceful dances: and I've entertained it in half the clubs in Manila.

And now America talks seriously of her obligations to the islands.

I'd really like to plead my hill-boy's side of this case, but after all I'm a reporter and not a partisan. All I would do is to put down in black and white some basis for judgment and let you who read draw your own conclusions.

My hill-boy interests me—and so do America's national and military necessities interest me. In this Philippine problem it is not only what's good for the Filipinos that must be considered, but what's good for America.

We'll need a little historic basis to build our decision on.

Two or three years before the World War a large-sized scare blew our way from Japan. It

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wafsted by without damage but, nevertheless, certain American military and naval men were greatly worried. At that time we had less than ten thousand American soldiers in the Philippines, and about ten thousand Scout soldiers—Filipinos commanded mostly by American officers. They would have been a nice, juicy morsel for Japan to gulp down in one small gobble.

America's battle fleet—far less than half its present size—was cavorting about the blue Atlantic, some eight or nine thousand miles away, and in the whole Pacific there wasn't a dry dock big enough to hold one of our dreadnaughts, or a naval base worthy of half the name. Our Pacific fleet consisted mostly of a brace of admirals and some homesick “gobs” and a tiny flock of gun-boats captured from the Spaniards. They would have made fair target practise for the Japanese fleet.

Anyway, the American Army and Navy staffs decided in those piping days of 1913 that should The Thing happen, our soldiers would concentrate on Corrigador, the real Gibraltar of the Philippines that controls the mouth of Manila Bay, with Manila thirty miles away. The fortress, provisioned and ready to withstand siege for six months or more, could hold the bay as a sort of refuge for our alleged Pacific fleet and retain a base for future operations. In the meantime our Atlantic fleet, without base or even adequate coal-

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ing facilities, would sally forth and attempt to draw the wily Jap into open naval battle—with about as much chance of luring him out as the small boy has of coaxing the groundhog from his safe retreat.

Well, The Thing blew over and the scare was forgotten and good folks laughed again at all this silly talk of Yellow Peril—but the general staffs of the Army and Navy thought it was high time America got from under this far-flung burden she was carrying at arm's length, seven thousand miles away in the Pacific.

"The heel of Achilles" they called the Philippines around Washington those days. In both the political and military inner circles the islands suddenly grew to be recognized as our greatest national weakness. Our gravest dangers were in the Atlantic, where the fleet had to be centered, but with the Philippines hanging on a string as a tempting bait, the Pacific assumed new terrors and doubts.

So the scheme was put forward by certain statesmen and navy and army men to cut the islands adrift and let them shift for themselves. As long as our flag flew over them they were an increasing source of danger—and an unnecessary and unremunerative danger.

All this happened along in 1913, and as a result, when the new governor-general was sent over that same year, he went with clear instructions to

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liquidate this national deficit as soon as possible by rushing through an independence program. This was evident from his first move.

Good and true Americans who had served long and faithfully in the islands were dumped out and Filipinos given their jobs. And, instead of exercising his full power in matters of legislation and control, the new governor-general chose to use only the friendly influence of his powerful office.

Three years later, in 1916, came the Jones Bill, practically giving autonomy and self-government to the islands. This was a tremendous move toward full independence because, besides placing more power in the hands of the Filipinos, the preamble of the law carried a definite pledge. "WHEREAS, It is and has always been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established."

Then bang into the fire of the World War dropped America. The Philippines and their independence and the Yellow Peril and everything of the Pacific were forgotten in the first great surge of patriotism. Even the islands tried to do their bit, and there was never the slightest question of their loyalty or their willingness to help the United States.

With the complete crushing of Germany the whole military problem of America was shifted

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about. The Atlantic was no longer the sea of menace and we could turn our backs on Europe, and for the first time concentrate our gaze on the Far East. We no longer needed fear that Japan would spring on us from behind and sink a dagger in our open back. We could look her straight and fearlessly in the eye now. And we could, as well, turn our full attention to the unlimited future commercial markets of the East.

So almost overnight these smiling islands changed in the eyes of many men. They were no longer the "heel of Achilles." Our military and naval men could dream out their great military and naval bases here—and our commercial pioneers could plan on the peaceful conquest of the East with Manila as their great commercial base.

To another school of thought the growing imperialistic ambitions of Japan and her then great naval expenditures only increased our responsibilities of keeping the islands under the American flag—and these men would have dropped the Philippines not for altruistic reasons but simply because they were not worth the danger we ran in holding them.

With the securing of the mandate over the former German Marshall and Caroline Islands, Japan lay directly in the path of our long trail to the Philippines—and it was very evident that for us to hold them in case of war would involve tremendous and dangerous adventures.

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All these are purely naval and military wrinkles that the Washington Conference went a long way toward ironing out. We have pledged ourselves not to increase our naval base at Manila, and the war cloud has again disappeared. With a fair settlement of the war-breeding difficulties that were rapidly developing between the United States and Japan, the military man must now resign his concern over the right or wrong strategy of giving up the islands.

The distinctly moral issue still remains, however—and that has to do with my hill-boy. To study his side of the case we must take a quick look at the present internal conditions.

For the past six years the islands have been regulated by the provisions of the Jones Bill—seriously referred to by the Filipinos as Bill Jones. Under this law the islands are governed by the Philippine Legislature, consisting of an upper house of twenty-four senators, elected for six-year terms, and a lower house of ninety members, elected for three years. High executive powers of appointment and veto are placed in the hands of the governor-general, appointed by the president of the United States. The different provinces, corresponding to American states, have locally elected governors; while the districts inhabited by the nine hundred thousand-odd non-Christian tribes are controlled by the governors appointed by the governor-general.

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The power of the governor-general, under the Jones Law, is tremendous, but Francis Burton Harrison, the incumbent under the Wilson administration, exercised this power only in a most friendly way. Both in his appointments and in his vetoes he bent to the wishes of the Filipino leaders. He accomplished his ends more through the influence of his office than through any attempt to use the great power that was his.

To all intents and purposes the Filipinos are self-governing. Most of the work and responsibility of running the eleven million people on the hundreds of islands that sprinkle this part of the Pacific are in the hands of natives. There are still a few score of American officials, but they are retained because the Filipinos themselves want them to remain. Of the different government bureaus only those of Education, Audit, Finance, and Science are still headed by Americans.

Probably the worst error in the present Philippine scheme of government is the one-party system. There are two parties on paper but, as it works out, there is actually only one. The opposition to the strong, victorious Nationalist party is so slight that it can hardly be called real opposition. Such as there is centers in an unhappy *Democracia*, which has only one of the twenty-four senators, and but four of the ninety representatives.

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Not only is this a naturally unhealthy state of party affairs but the whole country is run, dominated, and controlled by this single Nationalist party; the real government is in the hands of its party caucus and its conventions.

To all intent and purpose the Philippine government to-day is directed and dominated by two powerful opposing figures, who are allied within one political party for a single cause—the peaceful and successful solution of the independence problem. These two figures who differ so greatly in thought and temperament and psychology are Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, and Segio Osmena, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

For practical purposes and national interests they are allied intimately and securely, but the minute that the independence proposition is settled, they will begin a battle for individual supremacy. Behind each is a definite faction, and a pronounced school of thought that can work in harmony with the other only when held by some great magnet of universal desire. To the public the dominating Nationalist party presents a unified front, but within the inner circles there is really a growing split.

Once the independence question is solved, there will be immediate and violent cleavage—if this does not happen even before self-government is gained. The young, progressive, liberal, and

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pro-American elements will follow Quezon, while the conservative, older and financial elements will back Osmena. But it will also be deeper and more fundamental than all that: it will be a battle between the East and the West—Orientalism against western ideals.

Quezon, temperamental, brilliant, frank, sentimental, a man of quick and generous impulses, but often wrong, reflects American and western ideas better than any other Filipino in the islands. With a background of many years in America, as the resident commissioner, he has become thoroughly westernized.

At the other extreme is Osmena—Speaker of the House—unfathomable, cautious, analytical, a master politician who is an absolute Oriental in thought and action. As against Quezon's dashing, violent, open manner, Osmena is silent, self-effacing, cunning. Quezon, the adventurer, breaks trails without fear, while Osmena never ventures a single step without knowing exactly where his foot is going to land.

Already there has been a split between these two groups. And once the armistice for the cause of independence is ended, then the forces will form naturally into opposing camps. Quezon, in tune with the most liberal ideas of the world, will open the fight with such modest liberal demands as equal suffrage for women, and equal rights in the divorce courts. He will carry this on through all shades of progressive ideas.

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But the great fight that is coming some day is one of keeping the islands on the side of the West and not the Orient. A thousand million black, brown and yellow peoples along the shores of Asia find themselves bound more or less together by geographic proximity, color, and the necessity for defense against western aggression. With all of these—Japan, China, India and the Malay Islands—there is also one basic religion, which is distinctly non-Christian. Of the billion on this side of the world only the Filipinos are allied with the West in religion and ideals.

Some day, if this East *vs.* West question becomes acute, it will be of priceless value to have a friendly nation in the great East inspired by our own ideals ready and willing to stand by the West.

This point is well worth deep study. A friendly Filipino nation would be worth its weight in gold on The Day when the test comes.

Military men are apt to think too much in terms of guns and ships. It is a grievous mistake—and if we fail to keep our fingers on the heart pulse of these islands some day we shall pay for the error.

My hill-boy to-day is close to America. So long as his hopes are not bruised too badly or his sense of the justice of America lost, he will believe in America and the West against the Oriental East. Quezon stands out as his leader.

Unquestionably it is this red-hot, young, West-

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ern-inspired firebrand, Manuel Quezon, who will keep the islands looking to America and the West. Some months have passed now since I had my last talk with him, but I'm sure nothing has changed —except an even stronger determination for self-government.

"The Filipinos are loyal, grateful, and affectionate to America for all that she has done for us," he said to me. "We are ready to make any reasonable arrangements with America and we are only too glad to carry out any reasonable wishes of America."

"Of course we want independence now, but any unavoidable delay resulting from the present unsettled condition of the world, and the necessity of fixing future international relations of the Philippines, would be understood by us and would cause no resentment on the part of our people if in the meantime, the spirit of the present Jones law be carried out.

"We do not want any checking of the steady flow of independence. We would gladly consent to America holding permanent military bases here of any kind. In fact we desire that. Naturally we want the protection that an American fleet whose base is here, would give us. And we want America to make Manila a great commercial base for her future eastern trade."

"And about the future of American citizens and American business in the islands?" I asked.

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"There will never be the slightest discrimination against American citizens and American business. They will have every right and every protection we Filipinos have. We want free reciprocal trade, and in every way the fullest, freest, closest connection between our countries. We want America always to be our big brother."

I would inject one observation of my own: My hill-boy and the great majority of the educated, intelligent Filipinos will be quite content if independence comes to the islands any time within the next few years. So long as there is no turning back in the program of independence that the United States has been following for the last eight years there will be no trouble.

The one chance of a deep misunderstanding would come from a complete reversal in the present idea of American supervision. A decided choking of independence would bring disastrous and terrible results. And any attempt to turn back the clock and take away liberties and powers already held by the islanders might easily bring open revolt.

These coming days will be trying ones for the islands, but a degree of patience must be anticipated from all sides. The new governor-general, General Wood, is out of sympathy with the idea of full and immediate self-government, but it is reasonable to expect that he will be moderate in both his demands and his actions.

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Time, after all, is not the essential thing in the Philippine question. The essential thing is that the steady flow of independence continue and eventually end in a close and friendly partnership between the two countries.

Many intelligent Filipinos do not want America to cut completely loose from the islands. They want eventual independence but they want a continuation of America's help and protection and they are ready to make any "reasonable arrangements" with America to gain it. They are even willing that America should hold some general supervision over them, comparable to the powers of the Platt Amendment over Cuba.

After all, the Philippine question is not a cold, dead proposition that can be solved by a yardstick and an engineer's rule. There are other important things to measure besides military expediency or even what would be safest and easiest for America.

We must be true to our own fine ideals of the rights of other peoples, and we must be true to the American ideal this hill-boy of mine has built up in his own heart. If we must deny him independence we must, for our good, be square with the reason why. There must be no wallowing in cheap sentimentality—we have had enough of that in such false phrases as "the white man's burden." Let us at least be fair with ourselves.

One of the wisest of the American colony in

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Manila, and one of the few Americans there who was inclined to view the cry for immediate self-government with any sympathy, seemed to put it all in a nutshell for me just before I left.

“There’s no question but that it would be far better for the Filipinos to continue for another generation under our benevolent supervision and protection, but if they want full independence we must give it to them. And we must do more than give them independence: we must announce to the world that they are under our protection. That’s what an American father does for his daughter even when she takes another name. We can do no less.”

He was thinking of the new generation of these islands—the men and women and the boys and girls who owe their very dream of independence to America. He was thinking of my hill-boy and a million others. He wasn’t afraid to be fair to the other fellow—even if he is only the little brown brother of the islands.

CHAPTER IX

WHOSE COUNTRY IS HAITI?

ROUGHLY it is ten thousand miles from the Philippine Islands to the tiny Black Republic of Haiti—or rather to what was the tiny Black Republic of Haiti. Geographically and racially they are that far apart, but when it comes to a discussion of America's "white man's burden" we must pull them close together and see what we may reasonably hope to do in one by what we have actually accomplished in the other.

I often think that Shakespere's fine old idea about "a rose would be as sweet by any other name" might well be reversed and twisted to include a nation's expansion—"imperialism would be as foul by any other name."

It's soothing and insidious, this whole white man's business—when we do it ourselves. It's the other fellow who is always the conqueror and the aggressor and the imperialist. It's never ourselves—not by those names, at least.

And so it might be profitable to stop a moment and consider just whose country Haiti is. And to ask ourselves just what business we have there.

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I asked a rather fine type of Haitian to tell me all about it—what we had done and what we needed to do.

“How is that expression of yours?” He turned to me. “Unscrambling eggs, that’s it. Well, that’s what America must do here now—unscramble the Haitian eggs that have been broken during six and a half years of your occupation.”

We were sitting on the broad corridor of the Haitian Club in the northern part of Cape Haitian. My host was a cultured elderly member of the highest type of the Haitian élite—one of the five per cent., mostly mulatto, who have ruled and misruled the ninety-five per cent. of illiterate, ignorant black natives for the one hundred and eighteen years that Haiti has been a republic—or rather the one hundred and twelve years that preceded the American entry.

He was known more or less unfavorably among his co-élite because he was classed as pro-Occupation. He was supposed to be one of the few educated Haitians in that part of the country favorable to the American intervention. I had expected that he would “orate” on the glories of what America has done in her six years there—possibly, I thought, there might be a word or two of criticism about the color question, but nothing more than that.

Instead, what I really found when I penetrated his crust of hesitancy and fear, was a gentle man

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heartbroken for his race, grief-stricken for his country, disconsolate for his liberties. He was not a politician and basically he had only the kindest and the most generous feelings for things American. He had been referred to me as a friendly Haitian who would tell me the truth. After two hours of frank conversation I could find no reason to distrust his sentiments nor any evidence to disprove his words.

"It is true that Haiti was in difficult and desperate straits when America first landed her troops July, 1915," he spoke in a low passionless voice. "During the four years that immediately preceded, we had five changes in presidents. We had drifted into revolutionary habits and only some strong dictator could have saved us from ourselves. In times past we had had a number of strong men who had been able to hold the country in peace and it was only reasonable to expect that out of this maelstrom of revolution some powerful Haitian, strong enough to have brought peace and quiet to Haiti, would have emerged.

"But we were not given the opportunity to find him. Those tragic events that led up to the violation of the French Legation, where President Sam had found asylum after ordering one hundred and sixty of his political enemies killed in their prison cells, brought a small Legation guard of marines from the French cruiser in Port au Prince. Then American marines landed by the hundreds, here in Cape Haitian and other ports.

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“We welcomed them. We knew they would give our cities a guarantee of peace and protection while a new government was establishing itself in Port au Prince. We opened up our clubs and our homes to them. Everybody was friendly and hospitable.

“Then slowly they dug deeper and deeper into our country. They left the cities and went out into the country districts looking for trouble—and of course they found it, in small fights with ragged, poorly armed revolutionists. We didn’t mind that; they were still our guests and they were still in our clubs and homes.

“And then things slowly began to change. Little by little the officers brought down their families with their American color prejudices—and we are African negroes. We are proud of it, too, and we were proud beyond words of this little country of ours. We were brought here in slave ships, and in the face of a white world supremacy we won our freedom.

“This is something that so few Americans here seem to care to understand: how, for more than a century, we had kept this little country our own—the Black Republic. True, we had ruled it inefficiently and the civilization and culture of our two million common people had been pitifully low—but, after all, it was ours. In those one hundred and eighteen years we had twenty-seven presidents, many of whom rode into power on

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revolutions. But in all those years and all those violent changes of government no American ever was killed, and what little American property was damaged was generously paid for.

"With the coming of Americans strict color lines were drawn; our feelings were trampled on; our hearts—our spirits—were broken. Unfortunately fully seventy-five per cent. of the Occupation are from the southern portions of the United States and these people came with their deep color prejudices. They handled us as though we were American negroes in their own states. And many of our élite here are cultured people who have been educated in Europe. We were treated like negro cotton workers on a Georgia plantation."

I had to question him to get the rest of his story. I asked him about the *cacos*—who are either bandits or patriots according to your point of view—and about the *corvée* system of road making that apparently brought on the revolt of three years ago. He explained how the orders went out for miracles in roads: difficult mountain roads, that were primarily military roads necessary for military motor transport, to be built within impossible time limits.

"You see, early in the occupation a *gendarmerie* was established that resembled the Philippine constabulary," he went on. "The higher officers were all regular marine officers but the

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lieutenants and captains were non-commissioned officers from the enlisted men of the marines. These young men were sent out to districts with practically unlimited power. Some of them were very fine and some of them were very bad.

“When the road-building orders went out they revived an old *corvée* law that compelled the country people to work a certain number of days each year on their community roads. But some of the *gendarmerie* officers abused this terribly. Men were worked for weeks at a time and even sent out of their districts without pay and worked in gangs with armed guards over them like convict labor.

“This brought on the real *caco* outbreak and the complete subjugation of our country. To-day we have nothing left but a mockery of sovereignty. The 1915 Treaty that was forced on us gives American Treaty officials control of our customs; an American financial adviser virtually commands our finances; American marines dominate us and martial law grips us. Everywhere there is distrust, fear and blind hate.”

“And is it too late—can the eggs be unscrambled?” I questioned.

“It will be difficult but it isn’t too late,” he answered. “First of all, withdraw the military. Guantanamo is only twenty-four hours away. End the distasteful martial law. Send us a big fine American head who will do for us what your

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Mr. Taft did for the Philippines. Let him have charge of the whole occupation and let him make the Americans here treat us as equals. If the ‘nigger haters’ insist on their color prejudice let them be replaced by other men.

“We who really know what America can do and how fine she really is, want your help—but we don’t want to be bullied by you. We don’t want to have our country taken away from us so that all we have left is a flag to play with. We just want you to remember whose country this is.”

And this from one of the most ardent pro-Occupation men in Haiti. Others I talked with said with great bitterness that they wanted us to get out and stay out; some of these were only dreaming of getting back their old government grafts and again dominating the ninety-five per cent.

After all, it’s an unsatisfactory business to look in on civilization while it is being born. It’s like any other birth—it is painful and not nice. Take the Philippines for example.

Some twenty years ago in the glorious old days of the Empire they used to sing a song over there that went something like this:

Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos,
Pock-marked, bandy-legged Ladrones,
Underneath the starry flag
We’ll文明ize 'em with a Krag—
Oh, return us to our own beloved homes!

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It was a song of happy warriors and their little brown brothers—and it was a point of view that all booted and spurred men in every corner and far-away valley of the world have. There in those smiling islands it was softened and humanized by other young white men—youthful school-teachers and administrators coming out from a provincial, generous America with the great words of Washington and Lincoln on their lips. But even these gentle civilians could not stop all the malpractise of the water cure and other heroic treatments.

Here in these kindly states ignorant in those days of even the word imperialism there was a deep resentment in many quarters, and the crushing of the insurrection movement and the military rule in the islands came near being a national political issue. But we kept on with our water cures and our school-teachers and our new roads, and then came William Howard Taft with a great, simple plan of helping the Filipinos, of educating them as quickly as possible for self-government.

And so out of those schools that thousands of fine American youths built, and down those splendid highways that American engineers laid out, comes marching what is little less than a new nation. The days of the Krag and its civilizing influence are passed and forgotten—and now American-educated, American-inspired Filipinos quote our own words to us that have to do with

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liberty and freedom and independence. And that itself is the great proof that America has accomplished miracles in her one great chance.

Now I didn't hear any United States Marine sing that old Filipino soldier song down in Haiti. Maybe they don't even know the words—but they do know the tune because it's a universal tune. Spanish conquistadores sang it, French adventurers hummed it, gallant Portuguese sailormen braving unknown seas recalled it, British empire builders made it carry their white-man's-burden song; and now for almost a quarter of a century Americans have sung it from the Order of the Carabao dinners in Washington to the fever laden swamps of Nicaragua. It has a lilt and a swing to it; it's a fascinating, alluring song; it lulls you and charms you; it deadens your senses; it's the hardest song in the world to resist; it's the song of white men winning a world.

All of which is rather a roundabout way of saying that without a background of the wonder things that America had been able to accomplish in the Philippines and Porto Rico and to a certain degree in Cuba, the observer with sensitive moral values might be shocked at what he would find or would fail to find in a first-hand investigation of tiny Haiti after six and one-half years of American occupation and American assistance. He might be quite as shocked as he would have been had he gone into the "insurrecto" country

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of North Luzon above Manila say two decades ago when the civilizing-with-a-Krag culture was in full bloom.

Those were the days of the labor pains that preceded the birth of the new Philippines. And these are days now of the trying labor pains for Haiti.

If one wished to be very gay he might ask at this juncture "Who is the father?" In one form or another this question has been asked for a half-dozen years by certain sensitive and inquisitive Americans.

Well, just who is responsible for the Haitian scramble? Is it the State Department at Washington?—the Marine Corps?—American foreign banks?—American foreign business?—who is this particular gentleman behind the wood-pile?

I confess that I haven't been able to find out—unless I may be permitted to draw a composite picture of a number of villains. If so I would make up this composite picture out of about the following per cent:

State Dept. Monroe Doctrine Obsession.....	15%
State Dept. Protection Panama Canal Ob- session	15%
Commercial and Banking Imperialism.....	20%
White-man's-burden Obsession.....	15%
Marines Spoiling for a Fight.....	10%
Just plain bungling.....	25%
	100%

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Now there was some nasty local trouble in Haiti—but it distinctly had to do with the Haitians. No foreign lives and no foreign properties were in grave danger. There was unrest that interfered with business and profits, but it is quite safe to say that in a century of Haitian revolutions there had not been as many Haitians killed or as much property damage as the losses in one ordinary day on any fairly active front during the World War.

During those summer days of 1915 Germany was fairly busy invading Northern France, while France and England likewise had their hands full entertaining the German troops. American banking interests deep in tiny Haitian railroads and banking needed but little imagination to figure out great commercial opportunities for American capital. Under-secretaries and sub-secretaries around the State Department, admirals and marine major generals around the Navy Department; generals and staff colonels around the Army Department, all obsessed with the Monroe Doctrine idea and equally under the spell of the “necessary for the defense of the Canal” propagandists—finally got their chance when on July 28, 1915, the mob broke into the French Legation, brought forth the then president, operated crudely but effectively on him and dragged what was once Monsieur Jean Vilburn Guillaume Sam through the streets of Port au Prince.

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William Jennings Bryan, at that time secretary of state, apparently was converted to the idea of intervention. He in turn convinced President Wilson. And, as I have intimated, everybody, including two or three war-ships full of marines, were on the bit and rearing to go. This was and is the business of the marines—to be the “first to fight” and the last to quit. There are no better soldiers in the world—but they are soldiers and not administrators or school-teachers or missionaries.

The rest is unimportant as to detail. Briefly, in 1915 we forced through a treaty that to all intent and purpose gave us the government. The figureheads in the hollow office of president became a fairly easy tool in the hands of the American military. A bitter personal animosity between the president and the American financial adviser led to the infrequent use of certain executive powers of obstruction but on the whole the present incumbent has been like clay in the hands of a sculptor. Marines, with their martial law, a native *gendarmerie* officered and entirely controlled by marine officers and non-coms, an absolute control of all government finances through the collection and disbursement of custom revenues, gave us a ninety per cent. domination of the country.

Some of the things we have done during these six and one-half years have been very foolish and

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very stupid; we have assumed the rôle of conquerors—we have often been cruel and unreasonable—we have often been inefficient and ineffective. Other things we have done have been very wise and very fine: we have stopped revolution and brought a physical peace—we have built a few roads—we have cleaned up scores of cities and tremendously improved sanitation—we have honestly and efficiently collected custom revenue and done away with government graft. Some of our military officers have been splendid sane men and others have been plain fighting men who had no appreciation of their great opportunity to help both America and Haiti. The same thing may be said of the civilian treaty-officers and their assistants.

But it is both futile and silly to bring personalities into even the most friendly criticism of our Haitian venture. After all, it is not the individual *gendarmerie* officer tucked away in the lonesome hills of Northern Haiti who has really been to blame for the present condition in Haiti; nor, by the same token, has it been due primarily to his superior, back in the sunlit city of Port au Prince. It doesn't take a trained bloodhound to follow the scent back to Washington.

And there in Washington we must search deeper than any individual. It is the whole unknowing system—the whole hit or miss system—the whole lack of a definite foreign policy. For

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instance, blundering into Haiti, we forced upon this colored republic a half-way treaty. Here were military men and civilians uncoordinated, non-cooperating, lacking a directing, commanding head. Each treaty official reported back to separate and distinct departments of the Washington government. There was no real cooperation even among the American officials in Haiti. We blundered along getting in deeper and deeper. Now we are in up to our heads—that, at least, is one very positive fact that no one can deny. Well, what are we going to do about it?

Following two whitewash commissions making blindfolded investigations of alleged military atrocities—some of which were committed and some of which were not—there was finally appointed in the fall of 1921 a real Senatorial Commission with Senator Medill McCormick as its chairman. This commission proposed to dig deeply into the whole Haitian and Santo Domingo business.

For weeks it held open and fair court in Washington; then came seven hectic trial days in Haiti in which, to some observers at least, the natives and not the Occupation were on trial.

Out of all this at least one definite thing will come—a real Caribbean policy for the United States. And it is a tremendously essential and necessary thing at this time. For what we do or do not do in Haiti is having and will continue to

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have a vital bearing on the friendship and political and commercial relations of all the Caribbean and Latin-American countries, toward the United States. We are being weighed in the scales of these tiny and weak half-brother countries—and the very fact that they are weak and tiny while we are powerful and great makes it the more necessary that we be just and fair.

But there is one other consideration of even greater importance. What is the effect of our strong arm methods on ourselves—on our own sense of justice and fairness? Are we blindly putting a righteous O. K. on our own frequent use of force against smaller and weaker peoples—O. K.'ing them as morally right simply because *we* are doing them?

Certainly it is high time we ended all the cheap deception and sentimental twaddle about Haiti. Let us courageously face facts, and if we have made mistakes let us bravely acknowledge them.

Let us stay on and do our duty toward Haiti—but let us do it honestly and in a big way. Let us withdraw our military force and substitute for it broad-visioned civilians who will give generously from their wide knowledge and experience. Let us make definite pledges of exactly what we intend to do for Haiti—and then carry them out.

The “white man’s burden” will be a light and joyous burden then.

CHAPTER X

OUR RESTLESS BROTHERS BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

MEXICO is not a part of the Restless East but it is distinctly a part of the Restless World. And the Restless World is small: the revolt of nationalists in Egypt inspires the tired Hindus in Calcutta: and what is happening in Moscow in the great social and economic revolt there thrills the liberal leaders in Mexico City. For in this capital south of the Texas border new peons for old are being dreamed of.

I almost missed finding the real heart of Mexico. For days and weeks I talked with Mexican officials and American business men and Tampico's oil managers and had the run of the Mexico City clubs in general.

They told me a score and one stories: the present government of Mexico was a dangerous fiery red—as red as Moscow and twice as dangerous; Mexico was in the high road to happiness and prosperity; nothing could save Mexico but for the United States to take over the country; the oil wells of Tampico were growing salty and in a few years more would be useless—and thus the Mexican problem would be settled for good and

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all; the peons were in worse condition than ever before; Obregon was the greatest man in the world; Obregon was a one-armed villain.

I listened respectfully—and then went on my way and looked some more. I knew that somewhere there was a real Mexican story—but it was as elusive as all truth is. And then one day I bumped straight into it.

It was in the corridor of the St. Regis Hotel in Mexico City. A little old gray-haired lady who has seen more plain hell than Foch and dreamed more dreams than H. G. Wells, guided me bang into my story. Her name was Mother Jones, and it's a right name—she mothers half the world—the lower half.

She led me straight up to a man in “store clothes” and a flannel shirt. His face was lined with deep “sun wrinkles” and his eyes were gentle and smiling. He had worked in mines in Arizona in his younger days and could stumble along with English.

“Here’s one of my boys,” she said, patting the miner’s arm as she spoke. “If you want something about Mexico he’ll give it to you.”

I led him up to my room and seated him in the one big chair.

“You’re a miner,” I began.

“*Si*, but mine in Sonora he shut down and work finished. For five six months no work. Miners no got dollars, *ninas* hungry, womans crying. So

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I say, ‘I go *Cuidad Mexico* see General Calles and he give us farm for work.’ . . . Last week I come here and see *Mi General*. He take me in his automobile to Secretario Villareal and he say ‘Sure we give you miners land. You mus’ work or starve. You work for yourself. We give you big farm, you make small farms and you miners go work on own farms.’ ”

My friend sat back in his chair and lit a fresh cigarette. It was so simple. Men unemployed, and hungry—well put them to work on idle lands. Like the Russian proletariat, ninety per cent. of them had come from the farms, so they could go back to the farms now. The government would sell them machinery and animals at cost and see them through to the time of the first crop. They could pay back in small payments through a period of years. Land that most of them had been dreaming of for a half-dozen generations would be their own; they would become economically independent; they would become good citizens; they would want their children to go to school; they would want a voice in the affairs of their government.

And this in Mexico! The land of revolution and civil war and the *manana* habit—worthless, drunken, vicious, ignorant, brutal Mexico!

I looked up Mother Jones again when my miner had gone. “I’m getting hot on the real story now,” I told her. “Pass me on some more.”

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She did. The next day in the tow of a very fine young, liberal, States-educated Mexican I started out really to see the high officials of the government. I had seen most of them before, but now I was to talk to them freely and frankly as fellow men, and not as politicians and statesmen.

Several days later when we had finished the rounds I took a train for the northwest and Villa and the great bandit colonies. Then slowly I worked my way to the border and to the States.

And so it was that I found the real heart of these ten tremendous years of war and revolution. It meant a good deal to me because I had a background of an old Mexico that distinctly was not concerned with miners and peons—that instead was loaded down with the weight of foreign interference, alien exploitation, and neglect of the common millions.

In the glorious old swashbuckling days of the empire I had gone to Mexico and for three years had driven men and cattle alike on a sugar plantation. Fifty miles below me there were plantations where real peonage was practised, and a hundred miles away the Villa National where men were lured, chained in gangs, herded in barb-wired and guarded corrals and worked in steaming tobacco fields until death broke their false contracts for them. Still farther down, in Yucatan, brave Yaqui Indians, with the hearts of lions, brought down in prison trains from their hills of Sonora,

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were worked, beaten and killed on the terrible henequen plantations.

In those days I thought Diaz to be one of the great men of the world—wise, just, brave, the savior and maker of his country.

Then the revolution flared and one day my hero Diaz slipped out of Mexico City and foolish, stupid Madero rode into power. The grizzled, unwashed men who rode with him were to me bandits, trouble-makers, the riff-raff, the scourings of the country. If Madero was sincere he was the one honest man among a hundred thousand scoundrels.

Then the revolution hit my part of the country and I left between suns, bringing out with me the story of a foolish Madero and his brutal bandits riding their stolen horses behind a banner of false revolution.

That was ten years ago. And now I have come out again from adventuring in Mexico—but this time I have another story to tell.

Down in a little village in the state of Vera Cruz there is a public plaza that ten years ago had two circular promenade walks—one for the gentry in shoes and *rebozos*, and the other for the peons in blankets and sandals. To-day the peon walk is overgrown with grass and weeds: these colorful tropical nights the entire village strolls where only the high and royal dared tread a decade ago.

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That, for me at least, is a part of the real heart of Mexico. It is the story of human beings dreaming and fighting and struggling for elusive bits of freedom and self-respect—for things they can not pronounce but for things they unconsciously know they have been cheated out of.

After all, nothing really counts for much except the progress and advancement of the common man—and so it is that peons and not pesos, men and not money, liberties and not foreign lands, honor and not oil, flash before me in this memory-film of Mexico and her ten-year revolution.

It is still a revolution but one-quarter won. There is education to be gained, economic freedom to be secured, real political expression to be voiced. The revolution may be over and the evolution now under way.

From a constructive standpoint the French Revolution failed because for hundreds of years the common people had absolutely no experience in local or national self-government, no training in cooperation and voluntary unions. The success of the great Russian revolution was brought about not only by the thrilling moving idea that gave it fire, but because for generations the peasants of Russia not only had their own great co-operative organizations in smooth working order but because they had already tasted the flavor of local self-government and had trained their hands for it.

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Mexico's fifteen million peons are exactly in the same condition as the French peasants of a century and a quarter ago—dependent on their leaders, many of whom are selfish and ambitious men. As yet they have won little of the things they dreamed of, though these years of struggle and revolution have brought them an abiding sense of freedom and a conviction of their inalienable right to its enjoyment.

That is a great deal, but after all, it is still primarily a question of leadership. Their revolutionary evolution—or their evolutionary revolution, just as you choose—can be at this moment tragically retarded or brilliantly advanced by the wrong or the right leaders.

Mexican political leaders to-day form a triangle—one might almost say the eternal political triangle. On one side are certain conservative, reactionary forces with a small but determined representation in the present Cabinet. Behind this group are aligned the great old land and money interests of Mexico—the half feudal Mexico of the past.

A second side of the triangle is painted a vivid Socialistic red and is composed of radical and liberal leaders, such as General Plutarco Elias Calles, present head of the Cabinet; Adolfo de la Huerta, with the important portfolio of Finance tucked under his arm; José Vasconcelos, head of the Department of Education: Antonio Villar-

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real, Secretary of Agriculture; with the more radical Luis N. Morones, head of Mexican labor, Felipe Carrillo, firebrand leader from Yucatan, Samuel O. Yudico and a hundred more real revolutionists behind them. They are the fighting Left Wing of the government.

And in between, forming the third angle of our triangle is President Obregon, shrewd, capable, hard working, with a good set of brains and a strong and willing left hand—he has already given his right arm to his country.

It is a difficult job that President Obregon had wished upon him—this harmonizing White Mexico with Red Mexico. It's carrying water on both shoulders. And if there is any single figure in Mexico to-day who can perform this difficult task successfully it is this man from Sonora. He apparently holds for the moment the confidence of both ends; he apparently can turn from a conference with conservative Foreign Minister Pani and talk with radical de la Huerta without changing one iota the expression on his powerful face.

He is a fighter and a politician; which is another way of saying that he is both a brave man and a willing compromiser. He stands in the middle of a bridge with opposing forces on both bridgeheads that are quite willing to blow him up if he makes a false step.

He is what we Americans love to call “a strong man.” He doesn’t hesitate to order some revolt-

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ing general parked up against a handy stone wall and bumped off in approved style. Nor does he hesitate to protect Mexican labor against a dozen old-fashioned methods of discipline.

And his troubles are legion. Not only does he face continual friction within his own Cabinet, but he must attempt to win over and placate American big business—ranch and mine owners, railroad investors and speculators and the oily oil manipulators—and at the same time give positive assurance to his own people that he isn't doing this.

Whatever conscious public opinion there is in Mexico to-day—and it is decidedly a growing factor—it is against the trading of any Mexican rights for United States recognition. Over Mexico there is a determined spirit of nationalism that refuses to be bought or bullied by the big “brother” to the north.

With Obregon it is over and over again a case of damn you if you do and damn you if you don't. If he pleases Washington and Wall Street he faces what might easily prove a brand-new upheaval—and the fate of Carranza. If he continues to make dramatic Mexican gestures with his one remaining arm there may be no recognition, no financial arrangement, no rebuilding of the physical Mexico. Why anybody wants to be president of Mexico, I don't know.

But there are some thousands, or hundreds of

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thousands of her citizens who do. It is my opinion that General Calles is one. Apparently he is absolutely loyal to Obregon—but he is far more loyal to his revolution and what it stood for.

To me Calles is the most interesting figure in Mexico City. In the old days he had been a school-teacher in the hills of Sonora. His eyes still have an odd squint about them like those of a dreamer peering into the future.

His face is hard, with deep seams that sun and wind and exposure have left; his voice is rough and heavy; his manner is brisk and almost brutal. And yet you would know him for a school-teacher and a dreamer. I don't believe he would hesitate to kill a man with his own hands—though I am sure he would willingly sacrifice his life to help the peons of his Sonora hills.

It was Calles who, as Minister of War under de la Huerta, planned most the scheme of disbanding parts of the army and putting the men on the land in "bandit colonies." I asked him how he happened to figure it out.

"Nothing could have been simpler," he answered me with a trace of impatience. "These common men had been fighting for ten years for land—so it was the natural thing to give it to them. They're happy now."

Calles is almost as direct as this about everything else. He knows what he wants Mexico to want. I don't know how much patience he'll have.

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He understands things, anyway — and by “things” I mean the power of the United States over Mexico for both good and evil. He appreciates what the displeasure of Washington means and how far Mexican labor, for instance, may expect to go before American capital in Mexico screams for help. He is a wise man in a country where wisdom is at a great premium.

There are a few other wise men there. One of them is de la Huerta. During the six months between the death of Carranza in May, 1920, and the inauguration of Obregon in November, de la Huerta was provisional president. Later when Obregon selected his Cabinet he made him secretary of finance. This means that such delicate and all-important questions as the changing of the Constitution to suit the Tampico oil magnates, the handling of the international financial situation and the whole Mexican currency proposition, must be directed by him.

Now, de la Huerta has a strange combination of Yaqui Indian, Spanish and Polish-Jewish blood racing through his veins. He is not a soldier—but he’s almost everything else. He is a socialist, an internationalist, a laborite, a radical of fairly crimson tint and an extremely brilliant and shrewd financier.

He stands four square with Calles, at least at present. They are the heavyweights of the Left Wing—they and Luis Morones, the Labor leader,

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Morones wears checked suits, silk shirts and a heavy caliber revolver and has one bad eye. He is Mexican union labor: he's the parent and the child rolled in one. And Mexican union labor is a power that is the "X"—the unknown quantity—in the political and revolutionary life of the country.

When the Carranza revolution—which is hopefully referred to as "the last revolution"—came along it was the power of action and the power of sabotage of the union labor in Mexico City that finished Carranza's slender chances. Mexican labor has neither the organization nor the discipline that Petrograd and Moscow radical labor had in those terrific days of 1917 when armed workmen swung the revolution the way they wished—but it is growing in the consciousness of its power. It has its friends at court to-day. It is a conscious part of the government.

No longer are striking workers shot down by machine-guns as they were in the old days of Porfirio Diaz—and they know it. They tell a story around Mexico City of Celestino Gasca, one time shoe-maker and now governor of the Federal District. During a railroad strike Gasa was told to order out his troops to put down the strike.

"I resign my office," he replied. "I am a workman first and a governor afterward."

With such men in strongly entrenched official positions, Morones advances with his great labor

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movement. In every industry and craft is it being pushed. Even the plantation workers are being effectively organized and already in certain sections they have secured increased wages, shorter hours and better working conditions.

Morones is admittedly a radical. And so is Felipe Carrillo of Yucatan. Felipe is a tall, dashing, fighting leader. He plunges ahead by instinct—I mean he has no background of radical training or education but instinctively takes the side of the oppressed. In this particular case they happen to be the Indian peons in his own beloved state of Yucatan.

Two years ago when Carrillo was preaching the beauties of cooperation to his own Indians he decided to hold a great local celebration on the Mexican national holiday, the Fifth of May.

“While we are at it, Felipe, let’s turn this holiday into a fine old Socialistic celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of Karl Marx,” an American radical friend, Robert Haberman, suggested to him.

“All right—that’s great! Say, by the way, who is this Karl Marx, anyway?” And this from the leader of the Yucatan Socialists.

I stopped writing here for a moment and went over the past two or three pages—and counted the word “Socialists,” four times. That’s too many these days, unless I want to leave the impression that Mexico is about to blossom out into

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a nice brilliant Socialists' Utopia—and I decidedly don't want to leave any such idea.

But there is a considerable section of the city working-population that has been thrilled by the promises of radical agitators. After all, to thousands of these peons Socialism is a magic word—and common people over the whole world must live and die by magic words. In Siberia I found ignorant Russian peasants speaking of the "soviet" as the great magic healer of their trampled lives; it was a word to conjure with; it was a word that opened up a vision of some heaven on earth to them. It was a battle-cry, and a dream that they would follow at any cost.

And so it is down below the Rio Grande. They have had their own magic words there—for ten years they were "*tierra y libertad*," land and freedom—just as for a half-century Russian peasants found hope in the two words "*Zemla e svoboda*"—land and freedom.

Now many of these peons are taking fresh hope from the new magic word "Socialism." Down in the steaming henequen fields of Yucatan fully seventy-five per cent. of the Indian peons joined an actual Socialist party and in their hatbands wore a bit of red pasteboard—a magic charm that would bring them land and food and happiness.

Mexico has only fairly started on the long climb upward, but she does have these shibboleths

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that make the trail seem shorter and the burdens lighter. After all there are many short-cuts, but there are many bad bits of road that must be traveled. There's the road of education, for example.

Mexico is making frantic efforts to pave this now. A young man with a real vision is going after the job. His name is José Vasconcelos and he dreams of a school in every Indian pueblo in every state in Mexico.

"As a start we are sending to the Indian villages traveling teachers who take three or four of the brightest Indian girls and train them," he explained to me. "These girls in turn open little village schools and teach the rudiments of reading and writing in Spanish.

"In thirty different cities," he went on, "we are opening up manual-training schools for the poor children—free schools that will help to give Mexico a group of young men and women who have mastered a trade.

Then he dreamed for me a scheme of placing a library of one hundred standard books in every village. Young Mexican artists would travel about the country teaching the natives basket weaving and pottery decorations and other pure native arts. Small traveling orchestras, with their expenses partly paid by the government and with free transportation, would bring ideas of good music into the villages of these music-loving

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people. In Mexico City, Guadalajara, Yucatan and Monterey there would be great national universities.

It was an inspiring dream—possibly for the time being, it will prove only that. And possibly it will come true, as other dreams in Mexico have come true. There was the dream of putting the soldiers on the land, for example—that has come true with a bang.

On December 1, 1920, the regular army of Mexico consisted of 338 generals, 15,891 colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants, and 77,295 soldiers. This was only the regular army. Following the defeat of Carranza thousands of revolutionists and so-called bandits gladly made terms with the new government and for the moment became a part of the army. This move was necessary for two reasons: first, it secured a livelihood through military pay for these men who had been following war for years; second, it brought these armed men under military discipline and government control.

This enrolling of all the revolutionary anti-Carranza forces raised the grand total of the army on the first of 1921, to 669 generals, 18,992 officers, and 93,132 men. To keep this force going an appropriation of one hundred and thirty-one million pesos for the army and thirty-five million for the arsenals was necessary, out of a total federal appropriation of two hundred and seventy

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million—more than fifty per cent. of the total government income.

Drastic methods were decided on. A triple plan affair was devised whereby first of all there was to be a decrease through voluntary discharge, that was to be further augmented by forced discharge of all incompetent soldiers and officers who could not establish their rank; but the real solution was the formation of a number of soldier agriculture colonies.

The words “Bandit colonies” may have a rather bad sting to them—but not down in Mexico. For ten years the difference between “bandits” and “revolutionists” has been a matter of point of view. So these colonies might just as well be called “revolutionary colonies.”

And the big thing about them is that they have actually been formed and are really working. Thousands of soldiers who for years have been following the trade of fighting—with the dream of land always somewhere in the background—have been put on the land in colonies, supplied with the tools of farming and financially backed and cared for by the government. Mexican swords have actually been beaten into plowshares and pruning-hooks and into books and pencils—money saved from army disarmament automatically goes into education.

I know of no greater adventure in pioneering than this back-to-the-land movement of these sol-

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diers who have been fighting and revolting for years, that land and some intangible, indefinite thing called "freedom," might be theirs. Villa is one of them—Pancho Villa, despised bandit, or beloved knight, just as you choose. I searched him out in his own private colony—and the Villa I found was a vastly different Villa from the two-gun villain of the American press. I will tell you of him just as I found him and just as he appeared to me.

For three long dusty days I rode north from Mexico City—then an eight-hour ride on a bumpy railroad-stub to the filthy little mud village of Rosario in the hills of Northern Durango: then a six-hour valley-ride in a rickety, high-wheeled vehicle behind mangy, dwarfed mules to the ranch.

There, in a long, one-storied adobe house that nestled against a great brown adobe church, I found him—Don Pancho, the Killer, or Don Pancho the Knight, as you will. In soiled shirt, beltless baggy trousers and the grimy hands of a Mexican rancher, he greeted me in the doorway of his bedroom. He was a big two hundred-pound man with crumpled black hair, a well trimmed mustache, a great handsome head with unusually high forehead and remarkable black eyes.

He was friendly and hospitable. We sat down in his room for a while and then he led the way

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into the patio and through a gateway to a long shed where he kept the farming implements the government had given him. Here were parked two or three heavy gasoline trucks, a pair of tractors, a threshing-machine, and a full set of wheat drills, plows, cultivators, and the score and one implements used on a great modern ranch.

Villa was proud of them. He slipped into the seat of a baby tractor and threw on a lever. He petted it almost as he would have petted a horse.

"They're all ready for use when we want them," he said. "I've about six hundred acres of wheat in now and next year I'll have several times that number. . . . I'm going to go into the cattle business, too. I could run forty thousand head on this place—if I had the money to buy them. . . . Some people are afraid to trust me. They wouldn't even trust me for cattle."

He stopped and looked down the long trail of years that have passed. He was *triste*—he was a defeated champion, dreaming of days and glories that were.

For a minute or two he sat on the little iron seat of his baby tractor and dreamed. A blazing Mexican sun streamed down into the alleyway: everything was motionless and still except for the droning voices of men loitering about in front of the church.

"*Caramba!*" he sighed. His dream was over. Forgetful of his injured leg, he jumped down

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from the baby tractor and led the way to his blacksmith shop.

With the pride of a boy Villa pointed to the open door: "See, it's unlocked; everything is safe around here. You could leave your coat and purse anywhere and they would never be touched."

I muttered words of praise while he led me to the front of the old adobe church of the village. A score of men were lounging about and just within the entrance in front of an improvised store counter, a half-dozen ex-Villa soldiers were making Sunday morning purchases of lard, cigarettes, corn and beans.

We edged our way past the counter and walked to the rear of the church. Everywhere there were piled bags of corn, cans of lard, tools, and the traps and clatter of a store and a warehouse.

There were no flickering candles nor clean altar cloths, but the statuary and the pictures had been left undamaged and were still in place.

Villa pointed to pictures of the saints and smiled. "When I came here these poor fellows were thin and hungry," he joked. "See how fat they are since I brought in all this corn and food."

After a minute or two he led me out of the church, down a filthy narrow mud street, through a large door into a big patio surrounded by a string of rooms made of adobe brick.

"This is to be our school," he said with tre-

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mendous pride. "I'm fixing it up as fast as I can. Everything is tumbled down and the roofs have fallen in, but I am repairing them and in a few weeks we shall have a school here with four teachers. It's going to be the best school I know how to start, and every child on this ranch is going to attend. . . . Schools are what Mexico needs above everything else. If I was at the head of things I would put plenty of schools in the cities and towns and besides I'd put a school on every hacienda and ranch. . . ."

Again he fell to dreaming. "Poor, ignorant Mexico," he said slowly. "Until she has education nothing much can be done. I know—I was twenty-five before I could sign my own name. And I know what it is to try to help people who can't understand what you are trying to do for them. I fought ten years for them. I had a principle—I fought ten years so that the poor man could live like a human being should, have his land and send his children to school and have human freedom. But most of them were too ignorant to understand my ideas. That's the reason I quit fighting. I kept fighting as long as Carranza was in power, but now with Obregon at the head I'd be doing more harm than good, so I've quit. . . . Nothing can ever be done until the common people of Mexico are educated."

No one knows better than this strong, half-ignorant man what this job is or how necessary it

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is. With education, he might now be living in the palace in Mexico City instead of on an unknown ranch in the hills of Durango.

"I am through fighting," he went on. "I only want to live and die here in peace and do what I can to help my own people, and then when I'm finished, Mexico will say that I was not the bad man I have been pictured."

His voice trailed off; then once more: "I've finished fighting. Nothing will ever get me to pick up my rifle again—and we have two thousand seven hundred rifles among my own men in these hills here—unless Mexico is invaded or the government fails to treat my own people justly. Then they'll hear again from Pancho Villa. . . *Adios! Buena fortuna!*"

I climbed up to the back seat of the old buggy. The driver cracked his whip over the flank of the little black mules and we were off. It was six hours to Rosario and ham and eggs at the Chinaman's freight-car-restaurant—and then two days of dust and heat to the border.

I had found the heart of the Mexico of to-day—and it was beating bravely for new peons for old.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAMP BEARERS

HARD-HEADED business men, both in America and in foreign fields, may scoff at the idea of "soul savers" having a very particular and a very important part in this story of world unrest—but they have, just the same. It is a star part.

The day when Force shall cease to be the vehicle for the dissemination of our civilization is fast dawning. Lord Reading in India is learning—just as the Allied Powers have learned in Russia—that ideas can not be checked by bayonets nor projected by bullets. They can only be successfully and lastingly combated by better ideas, sired by sympathetic understanding and a real desire to help in the long climb upward.

And this is where the missionary comes in—the new model missionary, with his native student protégées.

I'm tempted to tell the real missionary story of Korea. I promised I wouldn't, but there are times when even a word pledge must be stretched. I'll let the story itself plead its own cause and square me, if it can.

It was four o'clock in the morning and it was

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cold and drizzly and muddy and we were hungry and absolutely tired out. Our car had broken down and we went trudging along a sloppy dirty road in the general direction of Seoul, the capital and heart of poor discouraged Korea. It had been almost a year since the great burst of revolutionary fire had spread over this unfortunate country, but the embers of revolt were still smoldering—the blackened ruins of homes and hopes still lay like deep pitted scars over the country.

We—two young missionaries and myself—had driven the ninety miles to a tiny, nameless Korean village where a Christian church and a score of native houses had been burnt by a senseless, Japanese non-commissioned officer and his men. Our car had broken down a few miles from Seoul and now early in the morning we were plowing our way home through melted snow and a cold drizzle.

I was out of patience with the Korean revolution and thoroughly disgusted at the Japanese soldiers for not having done their village-burning closer to Seoul—and peeved at missionaries and the whole world in general. And I was dead tired and so hungry I would have fought Jack Dempsey for the right to chew the leather upholstery in the car. I was looking for an argument.

“You missionaries in Korea have got a lot of nerve to deny you’ve had anything to do with this revolutionary movement here,” I began on the gentlest and smallest of the pair.

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"Why, we don't deny we've had something to do with the inspiration of the revolution," he answered me in a pained but very kindly voice. "How can we deny we had a considerable part in this great awakening of Korea? Isn't Christianity a militant religion? Isn't it a religion that teaches right and justice and equality, and commands that men fight for their liberties . . . ?

"The Japanese are right in their contention that American missionaries have had something to do with the re-birth of Korea. We are to blame indirectly for a lot of this trouble. And"—he hesitated for a second or two as we strode on—"and we're proud of it."

I slipped my arm through his as we walked side by side. I was ashamed of myself. He and the other exiles working their lives out in these far-away lands for the barest of a living, were doing the big thing. They were taking the great chance. There were thoroughly brave men.

A day or two later, after we got back to Seoul, one of these same men shunted me into the back room of a small Korean store, owned by one of the leaders of the revolution. We sat cross-legged with him on the floor and drank tea. And we talked of this tremendous spiritual awakening of a country that a few years ago was dead.

My queer old host, pulling at his thin little beard and eying me with friendly glances, was a Korean Christian.

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"More than seventy-five per cent. of the Koreans who have taken an active part in our great revolution against Japan are Christians," he said to me through my missionary interpreter. "The Christian Koreans have been the real leaders. We have kept the fire burning. Your American missionaries and your dollars have built schools for us, and hospitals, and they have given us new hearts and fresh hopes. They have taught us many fine things. They have prepared hundreds of native missionaries and teachers and doctors and nurses who in turn will carry on the things they have learned from you. Korea could never have lifted up her head again without Christianity to help her."

And these inspirers of unrest were the same missionaries whom I have heard laughed at and damned a hundred times in steamship smoking-rooms and hotel lobbies and in the clubs and streets of half the world. For it is distinctly the smart thing in the Far East to assume the superior attitude over the missionary. Somehow he doesn't fit into the free and easy gesture of the foreigner's life in the Orient.

Then, too, he gives his life to help the native peoples—and not to trade on them or make money out of them. He has an entirely different point of view from the average foreign business man who wants to make his fortune and then leave the "beggers" to the next foreigner who comes along.

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These men—and even the consular and diplomatic people—come and go: and when they leave they take their hearts with them. Their influence can not be anything but negligible—they're working primarily for themselves or their own governments and they can't possibly give any great amount to the native.

But not so the missionary. He must and he does give everything—years, dreams, heart, hopes, life, everything. That's what makes him great and his influence tremendous.

Not long ago one of the finest members of the diplomatic corps in Peking said in an address: "The American missionary worker and teacher and doctor have done more to gain the friendship and respect and good will of the East for America than all the business men, consular and diplomatic agents who have ever sojourned here, put together." And he was a diplomatic agent himself.

It is there in China that you really see what tremendous effect the missionaries and their schools and ideas can have on an ancient and stolid people. When I first went to China I didn't believe this. I resented every phase of foreign missionary influence. I thought it was a brazen interference in the intimate life of a people who had more thousands of years of tradition and custom and proved civilization back of them than we had scores of years. I resented the mission boards with their great walled compounds: I

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resented the whole business of trying to force our standards and ideals and civilization on a people who apparently didn't want them.

Then I took a trip into the country districts of China. There were mud and dirt and dust and filth everywhere. It was the filth of thousands and thousands of years. And there was disease of every imaginable sort. And an ignorance of all sanitation and modern health standards so appalling that it is indescribable.

Each little walled town was like all the others—the great walls of China, with the village walls themselves, had shut out all that was new and fine and necessary in the new world.

For endless miles and days I jogged through these picture-books of the past: a toothless old woman with bound feet grinding flour at a stone mill that could easily have come down from the time of Confucius; a forked stick plow drawn by two mangy donkeys—donkeys that might have carried stones of the Great Wall, and a plow that might have cultivated grain for the men who built it; adobe huts with mud plastered walls copied after the models of a thousand years past. It was a panorama of long ago that I viewed—a panorama of strong, virile men and women who had turned to stone in their tracks and could only be given the breath of life by the warm summer winds blowing from the new lands and civilization of the West.

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In these few days that I lived close to common China I grew tremendously fond of these kindly, hospitable, smiling people. They are great and they are a distinctly superior folk, but they need us. And when I say "us" I mean those of "us" who are willing to give our years and our hearts and all our hopes and dreams for some one else. And that's what these missionary teachers and doctors and workers in China are doing.

On this trip we stopped mostly at filthy little native inns, but several times we were invited into homes. Some of them were fairly clean; most of them were not—but one I remember was immaculate. That was the home of a Chinese Christian preacher. His home and his home life were exactly what you would expect from a man who had been inspired by the ideals and customs and codes of the finest Americans.

There were no bound feet around his house and there was no great-lord-and-master man worship, and there was no Wife No. 2 or concubine No. 1. It was a spick and span, clean little Christian home—in the best and highest sense of the word.

In the same village we visited the tiny mission where they held services on Sunday. Probably forty or fifty of the native Christians gathered to pay their respects to me. They asked me to talk to them, and I told them pretty much what I've just written here. When I had finished they shook hands with me and two or three of them

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told me with great pride that they had sons in American mission schools. I recall that one old fellow, bursting with joy, explained that he had a daughter in an American school.

This was the big thing—schools to educate native boys and girls in modern ideas and new moral codes and sanitation and medicine and all that the past two or three thousand years have given the world in comfort and right living. My missionary companion was helpless to do anything for China with his own hands, but he could train the hands of ten thousand Chinese youths to go out into the highways and byways and slowly but surely break down all the stupid superstitions and traditions and customs of the dead past and give them instead the best of the West.

This is a big part of the new missionary idea. Religious proselytizing only, among a people bound as tight by traditions as are the Chinese, is only half a job even if successful. The brand-new model missionary would teach young men to teach China modern civilization, modern Christian standards and ethics and codes, modern science and medicine—and he could rest mighty certain that China's soul would come out of the process all right.

After all, it is the work done by the mission schools among the student body of the ancient East that is having the deepest effect in the great awakening of these slumbering millions. “The

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germ carriers of unrest" some one has called these brave, fighting young students of the East. And that is what they are—bearers of the disease of freedom—disseminators of the plague of nationalism—transporters of the fever of revolt.

No one can possibly write about those rising tides of unrest that are splashing against all the shores of the world without writing about these students. They are the very heart of it all; and they are the hope of it all.

Without their youth and enthusiasm—without their vision and strength—with their bravery and determination the great awakening of the East could not come about. They blow the precious breath of warm life into dreams of freedom and make them come true. It is their voices that are calling the old tired world out of its past; it is their unfettered feet that are breaking the trail to new days and new visions. They are happy to fight and to die.

I can hardly keep the tears out of my eyes even now as I think of those fine, brave young students of India. To go against the established thing, to dare stand against the government and the dominant race—to dream and to act and to die if necessary for their own people—this is what thousands of the young men of India are doing.

In the great Mohammedan University at Aligrath in Northern India the student body withdrew from the government supported school

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under the inspiration of the Moslem leader, Mohammed Ali, and started up a tent school on some vacant ground near by the walled enclosure of the old college. Many of the parents objected to the great movement and all the power and influence and weight of the established thing—of the past—tried to break the flaming spirit of these Indian boys, fighting as they believed for a New India, a free India—and failed.

In Calcutta a tall Indian boy with a beautiful Arion head and the soft grayish brown skin of the high caste Arion, came to my room in the hotel. He wore very simple inexpensive robes and there were sandals on his feet. He was trembling with anger when he entered—the hotel elevator starter had made him walk up the stairs because he was a native.

He took me over to the square near his college. There a crowd of poorer natives were gathered about a soap-box orator—a youthful student. He was preaching “*Swadashi*”—the boycott of all foreign goods in preference to native makes. He wasn’t stirring up enthusiasm for the coming football game—he was arousing a sleeping inarticulate people for the thrilling game of freedom and liberty that was about to be played.

And I can see now a great colorful crowd of the common poor of India gathered on the sandy shore of the gorgeously beautiful harbor at Bombay. Never has such a great wave of color—

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turbans and robes of white and red and greens and blues and scarlets all blending into the back-ground of this magic bay—never has such a tide of color swept over me.

Here in the twilight—the twilight of the world that was, it seemed to me—these same youthful students came with their dreams and their messages and their words of inspiration. It was a great game they were playing—a game that made our American college sports seem small and so trivial.

And the Y. M. C. A. foreign secretary has had his great part to do with all of this. Throughout the East “Y” men have exerted a tremendous influence in giving life to the new ideas of democracy and political and social consciousness that are slowly permeating the ancient life of this quarter of the world. Their schools and training courses and their wide-open meeting-rooms have gone a long ways toward awakening China. Many of the vigorous young Chinese men who are fighting their way into the new political life of the country and trying to uproot the old Manchu trained politician are Y. M. C. A. taught and inspired.

In Japan, Korea, China, Siberia—everywhere—the Y has been driving in its licks for the best. None has ever told about the magnificent work of the organization in the frozen, forgotten hills of Siberia. Not only were countless American

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soldier boys, scattered in small groups over hundreds of miles, given cheery entertainments and loafing-rooms and scores of little services, but the Y attempted to bring some little dash of pleasure into the dreary lives of the Siberian soldiers themselves.

This was in the days when the misguided reactionary Kolchak was fighting to turn back the clock and return to the great landlords their confiscated estates and set in power again the ousted czar officials. A number of Y. M. C. A. secretaries with their picture-machines and their movable canteens were sent to the discouraged army. Little by little they worked their way into the confidence of the common soldiers and told them to fight on and bravely—for democracy and common freedom. They told them of American institutions and our own Revolutionary War. They thrilled them with this word democracy.

When Kolchak's reactionary advisers heard of these Americans who dared give ideas with picture-shows and democratic ideals with hot coffee they summarily boosted them out of their army. I say boosted because it is distinctly a boost to be kicked up and out for spreading ideas of American democracy. I know a lot of fine and picturesque things about Y. M. C. A. work all over the world, but none of them ever made me quite so proud of this great institution as their being "given the air" by Kolchak's czarist officers.

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It's a long trail from Siberia to India, but there's not a foot of it that doesn't feel in some indirect form or another the influence of the foreign mission worker. What they've been able to do in India itself is tremendous. And the thrilling thing about their work in this great backward country is that it has been done for the most part among the lowest caste natives—the poor, abused, underfed, despised "untouchables." No one else but foreign mission workers has ever had time to give them more than a kick back into their mud wallows when they have tried to climb out.

In Egypt, too, and all the Near East, mission schools and hospitals and missionary influences have made deep and tremendous impressions. To these ancient and backward peoples they have brought the fresh and fragrant breath of new hope and of cleaner and happier lives. Their hundreds of schools have taken the thousands of boys and girls from homes of ancient days and taught them of the New World; and then sent them back to their decaying cities and villages to show by precept and example that 1922 is a little further down the road to happiness than 1922 was.

And the same things hold true the world over. With their hospital school they have sent out doctors and nurses to conserve life and lessen the suffering and pain. The little hospitals and free clinics have done much of this work.

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I recall vividly a very small, old-fashioned clinic and hospital in Northern Manchuria. It was the only one in the whole district, and the doctor who conducted the clinic had been there for more than forty years. It was a down-at-the-heels old place and in no way was it the immaculate, spotless hospital we demand in America. It was dirty, but it was priceless.

This old doctor and his sweet little wife, and one or two Chinese girls they had trained, ran the whole thing. And they only had a few hundred dollars a year to do it with—not enough to buy the medicines they really needed.

There were no clean hospital cots with pure white linen: there were just long benches where the patients could sleep and a long rough table where the rice that the ancient one-eyed cook prepared, was served. And the old doctor's operating-room would have brought tears to your eyes.

But he was doing his job. He was saving lives and easing pain and trying to make people a little happier—poor people whom the rest of the world had forgotten. He wasn't bothering about souls—he was bothering about sores. He was helping helpless people. He needed no soldiers with bayonets to back him up: he was spending little of his precious time bothering about the white man's burden—he had something else to do with his hours.

And I imagine if a certain carpenter of Judea

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would ever happen along those dusty tired roads of North China He would stop at this old missionary doctor's little free clinic and put His arm around him and tell him that his was the greatest hospital in the world.

It seemed that to me,

CHAPTER XII

THE WORLD'S UNDER-DOGS—A CONCLUSION

ONE HAS a strange half foreboding to come thus to the end of a survey of a world of real people—to take one look backward down the long dim years of the past and to steal one swift glance ahead into the unknown and unbroken trail of to-morrow.

After all, it is something to be writing about living, breathing people, and to try to catch and throw on paper, in black and white, their dreams and their aspirations—their struggles and their battles. It is a tremendous responsibility, replete with possibilities for good or evil.

As I try to value what I have said through all these pages—to examine my own point of view and weigh the job of reporting I have done—I feel that possibly what I have written here in the chapter on Mexico about Felipe Carrillo of Yucatan may be said in criticism of me as well: “He plunges ahead by instinct—he has no background of radical training or education, but instinctively takes the side of the oppressed.”

I might as well admit it: common people—Mexicon peons, Filipino *taos*, Indian *ryots*,

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Egyptian *fellaheen*, Siberian peasants, Chinese coolies, Haitian *habitants*—these are the people who interest me, and it is their struggles and hopes that thrill me. I have no concern with unrest and revolution except as it touches them and their lives. The philosophies, the theories, the mere study of great political and social and industrial changes mean very little to me—but better homes and better food and better children and education and new hopes for common millions mean a great deal to me.

It may be that I have misplaced some little enthusiasm. I have tried very hard to be always the observer, always the reporter, but enthusiasms will creep in now and then. And enthusiasms make sentimentalists out of the best of us; and when it comes to the future hopes of common people I am just that.

Yet I am confident of one thing: the seething unrest of the East will bring great sorrow before it brings great good. There can be no short-cuts to any real advancement. If the revolt of India should by chance bring an early return of self-government, common India will miss the fair justice of the British raj. She will miss the clean efficiency and honesty of the British administration. She would be better off for a generation or two under British rule—if she would accept and assimilate the crumbs of self-government that the empire is giving her. But if she wants

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freedom courageously enough to battle for it, then I am sufficient of an idealist to believe that in the end the wanting and the fighting and the dreaming will help the half hungry, half clothed native millions; through learning to think of and fight for nationalism they will learn to think of and fight for their own social and economic rights.

I can not too strongly emphasize this point—this one theory of revolution that I have indulged in. Only by a great, deep stirring of consciousness can the slave complex of the billion under-dogs of the world be broken and a real spirit of freedom and independence be substituted for it.

It probably will seem a very cruel thing to say but if I were the great molder of the Universe I would not turn a hand or pull a cord to give the struggling, submerged peoples of the world their freedom. It is the dreaming and fighting and sacrificing that make them worthy and prepare them for it.

If England would withdraw from India at this moment and give this great, seething half-continent, with its scores of divergent castes and religions and traditions, full independence there would be gray days ahead for India. But when the dream of freedom has penetrated into the inertia of three hundred million ignorant Indian peasants and workmen so deeply that they are willing to give their lives for it, then they are

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spiritually ready for it—and they will be ready to begin the long fight for social and industrial justice.

These young-old nations of the world must again learn to walk alone. Some of them will try before they are quite ready and they will fall, but they must choose their own time; we can have very little to do with that.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind but that our own little India—and there are many who will object to this designation of the Philippines—would be infinitely better off for another full generation under the beneficent supervision of the United States. Americans in the islands who claim that there is less efficiency, less honesty, less advancement under the present scheme of native government than in the old days of undivided American administration, are unquestionably right—but inefficiency and demagogery are ever the prices of democracy.

There is no question but that a decade ago the Philippines were the best governed and most efficiently administrated lands in the world. The finest citizens of our republic poured out the best years of their lives in honest, intelligent and idealistic service. No city or state or governmental department in our own country was administered more efficiently or honestly than the most distant hill district of North Luzon. But it was a paternal and foreign government rest-

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ing on the rule of force—and this can never be either a sound or a rightful foundation.

When Manuel Quezon, head of the Philippine independence movement, announces—in the same words that I have heard Indian revolutionists state their own case—that “good government is no substitute for self-government” he is stating a fact that Americans, least of all, can dispute.

These slogans, these signs of discontent and revolt, are real danger-signals. We of America are less guilty than the others, but our hands are not stainless. The whole West must drop its arrogance, its domineering, its superior bearing.

We must cease to look upon the East as a great field for exploitation: we must think of the East in terms of striving peoples and not of future markets. The East is tired of our looting and our ruling.

But there are other things we can and should do—the world's under-dogs do need a great deal that our white West can give them. They need our science and our medical skill; they need our skill for organization and our technical ability; they need our own neglected theory of the brotherhood of man, and much of our own gentler social system. But they don't want and won't have these things shoved down their throats with bayonets.

Slowly and after a terrible cost we are beginning to realize that there are better and easier

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ways of gaining our ends. Doctor Cross, the brave sacrificing medical explorer who gave his life in Vera Cruz in an attempt to rid the “hot country” of Mexico of its yellow-fever menace, knew one way to give the lower half of the world the best of our civilization without the use of threat or force. He was the new type of soldier who will one day “conquer” the world through kindness and gentleness and generosity.

Teachers, doctors, mission workers, engineers, organizers—these must be the future colonizers, the bearers of new ideas.

After all, the history of the spreading of the white man’s civilization is not a pretty one. It has been mostly one of conquest and gain and loot, with a few fine mission workers and teachers and a handful of sincere civilians trying to undo all that men with bayonets and men dreaming only of profits have done.

And these men with bayonets and these men dreaming of profits have differed very little, regardless of the time or of the flag under which they conquered and looted. None has been a conqueror or an imperialist in his own eyes—but each in turn has pointed the finger of scorn at the other fellow and accused him of bad faith in dealing with weaker, far-away peoples.

So it is that we Americans have had much to say of the British in Egypt and India and Ireland, and the French in Indo-China and Madagas-

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car, and the Japanese in Korea and China and Siberia. Any of these accused might quite justly say, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"—and suggest that we study our own little conquest of Haiti and Santo Domingo and our interference in the affairs of Mexico and the tiny republics to the south.

And it is high time that we all take stock, for there is a rising temper among these backward peoples all over the world—and particularly among the billion black, brown and yellow races of the East. For centuries the imagination of the Great East had been unstirred. There had been no ideals, no dreams. A billion people had been marking time while the stream of civilization had been flowing swiftly in the New World.

But now new ideals of nationalism have lit up the imagination and hearts of these peoples. They have been stirred from their great coma. They have opened their eyes and are stretching themselves and discovering the power of their numbers and of their years.

They will gain their nationalism—nothing is more certain than that. But they will not stop there. If the fair rule of the British in India was to be permanently replaced by the rule of backward, Oriental maharajahs, steeped in their ancient despotic ways, I would find no thrill in the home-rule dreams of India. But they will not stop there.

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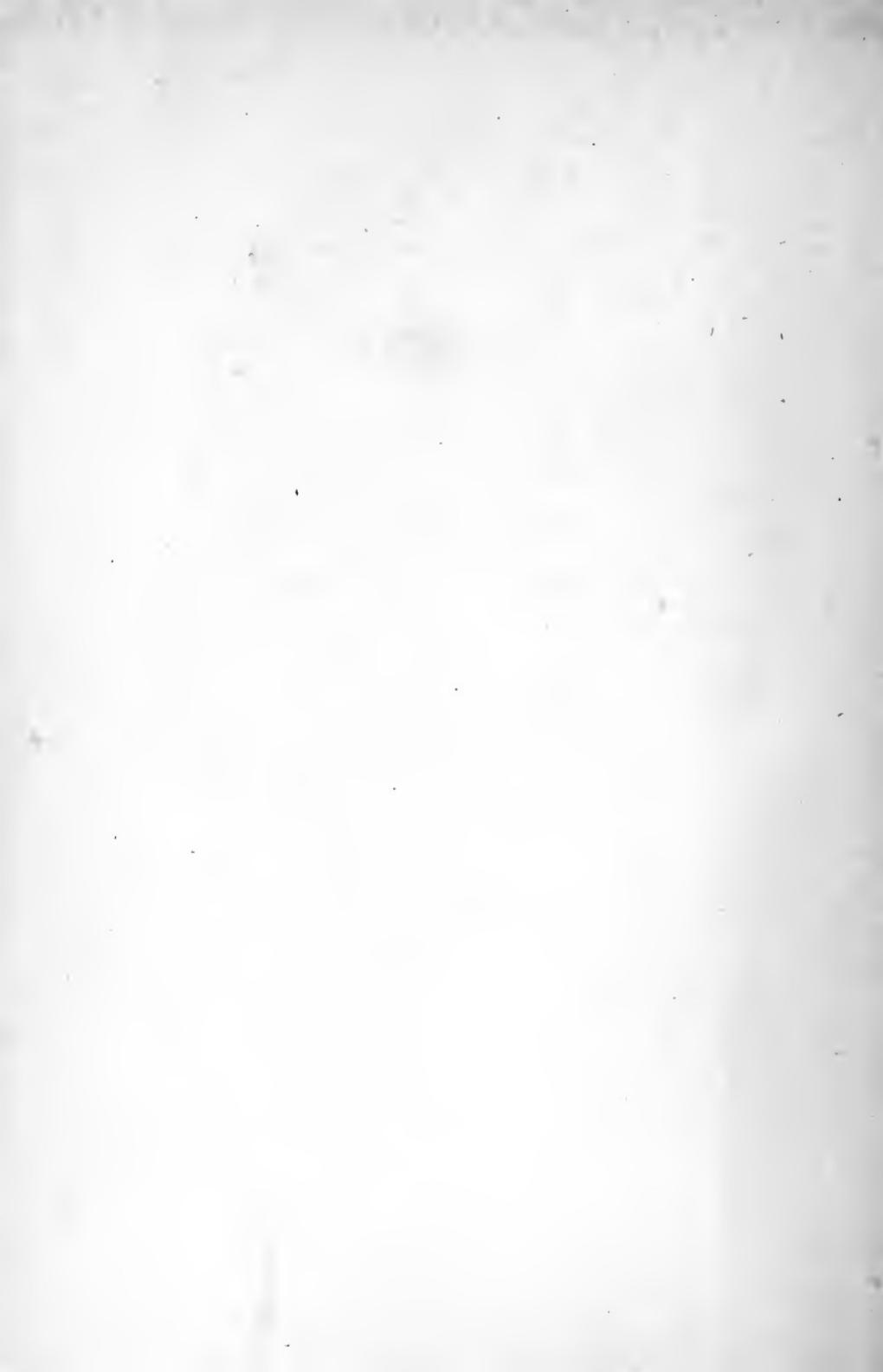
I shall never forget what an Egyptian *fellaheh* in a mud village along the sleepy Nile said to me when I reminded him of the cruel conditions in Egypt before the British came.

"Yes," he answered with set jaw, "but no one is going to oppress us in the future. We are sick and tired of being the under-dogs."

And this to me is the great story of the Old East. These ancient millions will not stop with the victory of nationalism: they will go on and on, dreaming and demanding and finally gaining more victories for themselves—for the peons and the *taos* and the *ryots* and the *fellaheen* and the peasants and the coolies of the world. They will gain more rice and better homes and all the precious things of real freedom.

And those will be glorious days.

THE END



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